BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1946

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1/6

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 33, No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1946

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by *Lea*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found on page 76. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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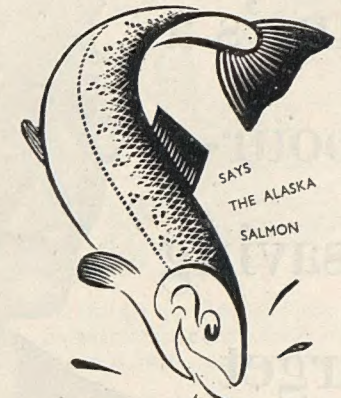

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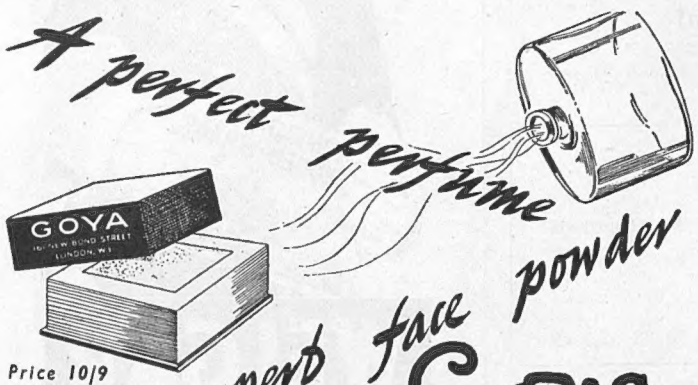

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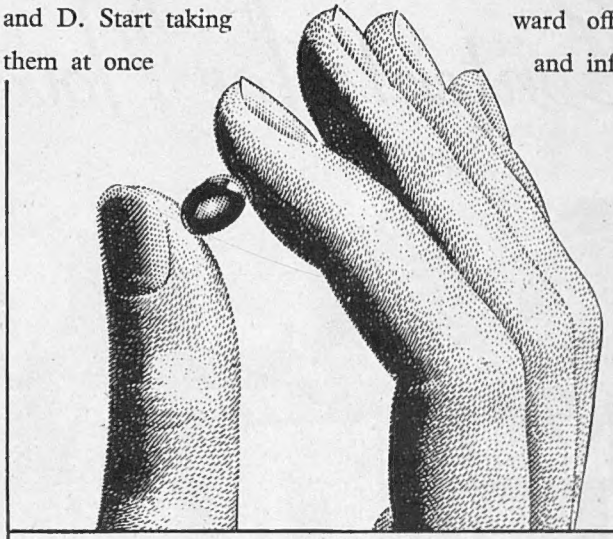

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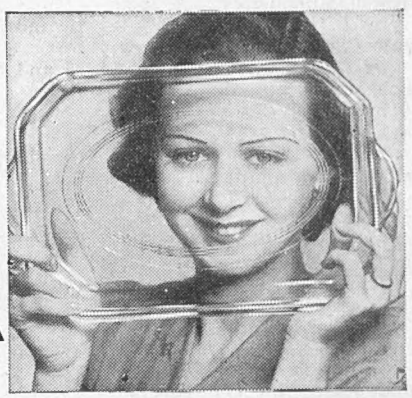

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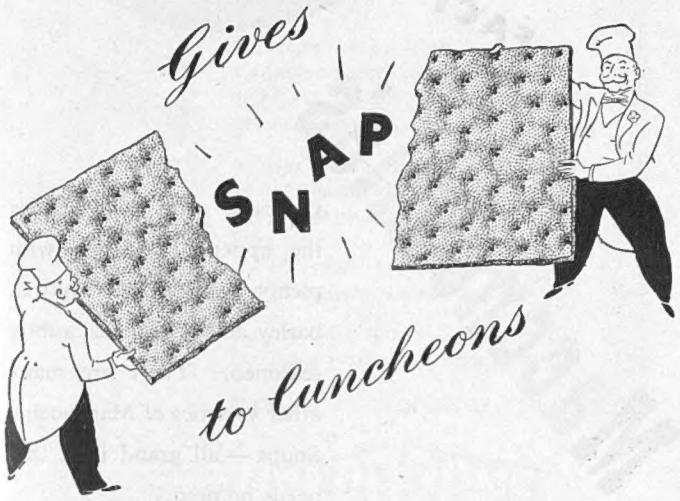

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finishing touches

Let's face it — it *is* difficult to keep on providing interesting fare day after day. But it is so important. Attractive appearance and variety set the digestive juices flowing and you get far more nourishment from food you enjoy than you do from food which is dull and monotonous.

CATCHING THE EYE WITH COLOUR

This is one of the simplest and surest ways of arousing pleasant anticipation. Make full use of tomatoes and fresh bright-coloured vegetables like green peas, carrots, beetroots, radishes, to decorate and garnish your dishes. Even that quick sprinkle of chopped fresh parsley works wonders. Cheer up plain puddings with coloured jam sauces. Use cookery colours to enliven the children's milk puddings and milk drinks.

Or you could give contrast in colour between the various items of a meal. Let's say, for instance, you are having steamed or baked fish. That's a "pale" dish, so if you are having a soup before it, let it be tomato or green pea soup. And with it, of course, have a green vegetable, raw salad, carrots or tomatoes according to season. If there's pudding to follow, how about a chocolate pudding or rosy-coloured fruit pie?

GETTING VARIETY WITH FLAVOURINGS

Have an occasional change from conventional seasonings. Try dry mustard as a change from pepper. Use curry powder discreetly with scrambled egg or sandwich fillings. Put a couple of cloves in a beef stew. Grate a little nutmeg on cauliflower or spinach. Horseradish sauce gives a fillip to fish dishes. Mint is delightful in sandwich fillings and in stuffing for lamb or mutton. Bottled essences give variety; try vanilla with coffee or chocolate flavoured foods, almond in custard to serve with stewed plums, lemon in apple dishes.

Try these recipes for variety

Scalloped Macaroni

(For 4 people.) *6 oz. macaroni, 2 level tablespoons chopped onion or leek, ½ oz. dripping, 2 level tablespoons flour, ½ pint macaroni water, gravy browning, 2 level teaspoons salt, ¼ level teaspoon pepper, 4 oz. grated cheese.* Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, about 20 minutes; strain and save the liquor. Fry the onion or leek in the dripping until golden brown, stir in the flour and fry to a good brown colour. Add the macaroni water and bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Cook for 5 minutes, colour with a few drops of gravy browning if necessary, and add the seasoning and nearly all the cheese. Mix in the macaroni and turn into a fire-proof dish. Sprinkle with the remaining cheese and brown under the grill or in a hot oven.

Cabbage with Mustard Sauce

1½ lb. shredded cabbage, ¼ pint boiling salted water, 1 oz. margarine, 1½ level teaspoons mustard, ¼ level teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons vegetable water.
Cook the cabbage for 5 minutes in the boiling salted water. Strain, and keep the liquid. Melt the margarine, add dry ingredients and mix until smooth. Then add the vinegar and vegetable water. Pour over the cabbage and serve at once.

N.B.—Spring greens or savoy can be used in place of the cabbage.

(S.147)

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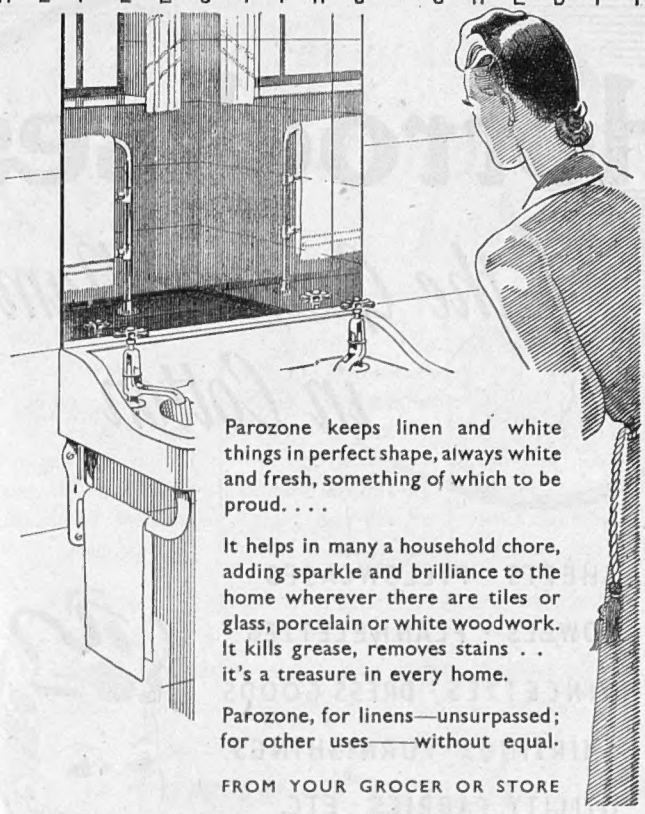

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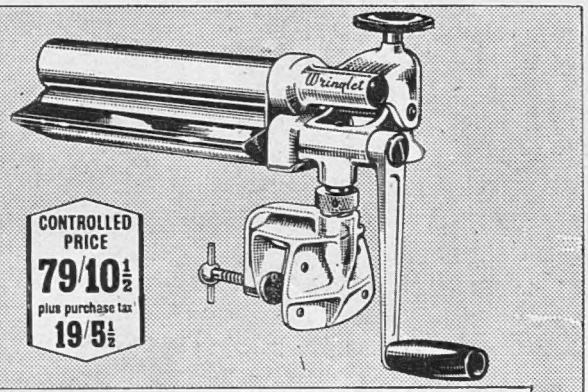

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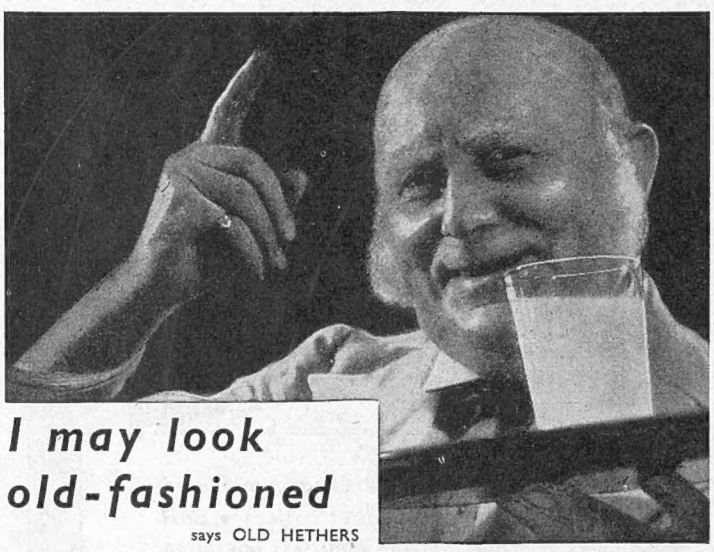

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says OLD HETHERS

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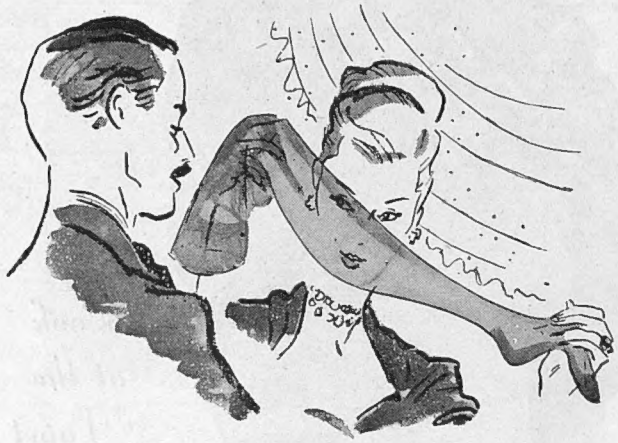
THE LANGUAGE OF FASHION



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Dr. Maupert exhibited a long, slender sliver of steel like a knitting needle that he had extracted from the wound

Nine Must Die

A Short Story

By

C. V. Tench

THE most astounding factor of all was from whence the corpse had come! At all times a busy thoroughfare, on this hot July afternoon the Avenue Deroulede, Paris, had been teeming with traffic. A red light had halted both hurrying pedestrians and vehicles for a few moments, and then the signal light had changed to green. At once a taxi-driver had sent his machine careering forward and had then swerved his car sharply, uttering a startled shout, for there in the roadway, a few feet from the kerb, lay the body of a man!

Official response had been prompt. Already a cordon of uniformed policemen were diverting vehicular traffic and restraining a clamorous mob of the morbidly curious.

Further, a police car from headquarters had immediately raced to the scene and now gathered about the dead man were Chief A. Hebert, Inspector H. Rousseau, and Detective François Levallois of the French Sûreté. Kneeling beside the still form, making practised examination, was Police Surgeon C. Maupert.

"You see," Dr. Maupert said in voluble French, "it is definitely murder. He was killed instantly by having this driven right through his heart." He exhibited a long, slender sliver of steel like a knitting needle that he had extracted from the wound. "Perhaps the murderer then tried to withdraw the weapon and only the haft came away in his hand."

"But, no, I am wrong," he corrected himself hastily, looking closer at the dead man's chest. "That could not be so, because, although the steel was driven into his heart with such force it went right through his clothing until even the butt-end was beneath the skin, there is no bruise around the wound as there would have been had the handle of the weapon also struck him. No, I cannot say how the weapon was driven into him."

Chief Hebert nodded, asked: "And about how long has he been dead?"

"Not more than a few minutes."

"A few minutes!" Chief Hebert stared at the physician incredulously. "But that is impossible! That suggests that he was killed right here where he fell, in full view of thousands. Yet no one admits having seen the deed committed. Why, the taxi-driver swears that but a moment before there was no body lying in the roadway."

"I repeat, this man has been dead but a few minutes," Dr. Maupert insisted, getting to his feet. "Look! Blood is still oozing from the wound."

"The body might have been thrown out of a car," Inspector Rousseau suggested.

"But," Chief Hebert objected, "in that case, surely someone would have seen it? The dead man is big, heavy. It would have been no easy matter to throw him out of a car."

"Yes," Detective Levallois agreed. "Also, the body would probably have rolled, mussing-up his clothing, and except where his shoulders and rump touch the asphalt his clothes are clean. That indicates the body was laid down slowly and carefully."

"You suggest, my dear François," Inspector Rousseau asked, "that a car stopped and two men—it would have taken two men to lift him—carried the dead man from the machine to the road? Would not stopping the death car have halted other cars? In that case, would not others have seen? Ridiculous!"

"Yet this supports François' theory." Chief Hebert displayed a playing-card, the nine of spades, with three of the pips crudely painted to look like skulls and crossbones. On the reverse side was scrawled "Number 3."

"Remember," Chief Hebert went on, "that this card was pinned but loosely to his clothing. Had he been thrown from a car, it almost certainly would have become dislodged. Had he been lifted carefully from a car, then others would have seen. I do not think solving this case will be easy. In the meantime, Doctor, please have the body taken to the mortuary and perform your official autopsy. I am particularly anxious to know whether or not the wound slopes downwards."

FOR several hours Chief Hebert had been seated at his desk receiving the reports of his men, each highly trained in some special branch of crime investigation. As each officer handed in his report, Chief Hebert read it carefully, at the same time telling him to take a

seat and wait. Now that the last man had reported, the chief got to his feet and addressed them.

" So," he began, " to date we have learned this : the murdered man is Maître Voland, a successful criminal lawyer, well known and respected in the underworld because of his cleverness in getting accused men acquitted.

" We have found out further, by a search of Maître Voland's personal papers, that a few days ago he received through the mail a card similar to the one found pinned to his body—the nine of spades, with three of the pips crudely painted to look like skulls and crossbones, and on the other side the number three.

" In addition to the playing-card, Voland received this snapshot of himself—obviously taken by a sidewalk candid cameraman—with a pin-prick made through the picture right above the heart. These tokens suggest that Voland was the chosen victim of a vendetta—except for this :

" Right after lunch yesterday, Voland withdrew fifty thousand francs from the bank. Why, we do not know. But we do know that a few minutes later he was murdered, that the money was not found upon his person, and that so far we have been unable to find it. From this it would appear robbery was the motive, yet *how would the killer have known several days ago,* when he sent Voland the threatening card and snapshot, *that Voland was going to withdraw fifty thousand francs from the bank yesterday* ? Further, if robbery was the only motive, then why did the murderer leave another nine of spades fastened to the corpse ? That action indicates a revenge killing ; that the killer wanted other potential victims to know that he was now on their trail."

For a long time no one spoke, then :

" Perhaps, sir," Inspector Rousseau said, " the motive was twofold ; both robbery and revenge."

" That is possible," Chief Hebert agreed, " but as far as we have been able to discover, Voland had no enemies. In fact, in the underworld he was highly admired and respected."

" To-day, perhaps," Detective Levallois put in. " But what of Voland's life before he started practising law in Paris ? If we started tracing his life from his schooldays we might discover something."

" That is a very good suggestion, François," Chief Hebert commended. " In the meantime, the newspapers must know nothing about the playing-cards and the photograph, otherwise an epidemic of nines of spades and pinpricked photographs from cranks and practical jokers might follow publication of the story. As far as the newspapers are concerned, then, we are completely baffled."

CHIEF HEBERT and his men had been working quietly and steadily on the case for a week without making much progress. Now a telephone call was put through to the chief's office.

" This is Rousseau, sir," said the voice over the wire. " I 'm calling from Clichy Station. Please come out here at once. We 've just found another body ! "

Together with Detective Levallois, Chief Hebert drove swiftly to the scene. Inspector Rousseau was awaiting them, standing beside a huddled body.

" This man also was killed by having a steel needle driven into his heart," Rousseau explained. " And, like Voland, his corpse seemed to drop from nowhere. Nothing lying in the roadway one minute, the next—presto !—a murdered man."

" Who is he ? " Chief Hebert asked. " What have you found out ? "

" He is Robert Jaubard, a railway-track labourer, well known locally," Rousseau replied. " These men are housed in company huts ; you can see them from here. By interrogating Jaubard's fellow-workers I have learned this :

" A few days ago Jaubard found this picture of himself pinned over his bunk." Rousseau handed Chief Hebert a small snapshot. " You 'll notice, sir, the pinprick through the heart, and also a skull and crossbones with the number four on the back. Jaubard thought it the work of some practical joker, laughingly told others about it, and showed them the

Pegoud and his Eurasian wife hid in an abandoned blockhouse. None of the hunters went near this blockhouse except Sergeant Moreau and another man who had borne false witness against him

photograph. And pinned to Jaubard's body was this." Rousseau held out a playing-card. "The same nine of spades, sir, but this time with four of the pips altered to look like skulls and crossbones and number four on the back."

"M'm!" Chief Hebert grunted as he studied the card and the photograph. "It certainly seems like some form of vendetta, but the victims were so far apart as regards their stations in life—a successful lawyer and a humble labourer. No connection at all, apparently."

"Excepting, sir," put in Levallois, who had been examining the dead man, "their age. This man would have been in his fifties, as was Voland."

"Eh?" Chief Hebert looked closer at the body. "Yes, François, there is that similarity. If these are revenge killings, then the motive must go back to the youths of victims and killer. As with Voland, we must delve into this man's early history."

"But, sir," Rousseau said, "as in Voland's case, there was also robbery this time. Only this morning this poor devil had a bit of luck; won five thousand francs in a sweepstake. He had been celebrating all day, treating all his friends and acquaintances. Less than an hour ago he hailed a taxi and, poking his head out of a window as he drove away, shouted to all and sundry that he was going to visit a woman friend. Then, suddenly, he was found lying here, dead, and there is not one sou on his person. So, sir, perhaps it is not vendetta. It might be a gang of robbers who use the photographs and skulls and crossbones business to confuse us."

"You are wrong, my dear Rousseau," Chief Hebert chided. "You forget something. The photographs and playing-cards were sent to both victims some days before they were executed. Could ordinary robbers *have known beforehand* that Voland was going to withdraw fifty thousand francs from the bank on a certain day or that to-day this poor labourer was going to win a lottery prize? No, I believe both men were killed for revenge, but the killer timed matters so as to get some money, too. In fact——Ah! Here is Dr. Maupert."

For a second time Dr. Maupert extracted a sliver of steel from the heart of a murdered man.

"As with Voland," he said, as he handed the missile to Chief Hebert, "the wound slopes downwards, but the heavy work clothing this man is wearing prevented the steel penetrating as deeply as in the other case."

"Ah!" Chief Hebert commented. "That supports my belief that these needles are fired from some sort of an air-gun. Had he been stabbed, the steel would have gone in to the hilt. Well, there is nothing further we can do here, so you take charge of the remains, Doctor.

"And that is number two," Chief Hebert added, as he led the way to the police car. "I wonder if there will be any more of these strange killings?"

He was soon to know.

JUST after six o'clock on the following Sunday morning, Chief Hebert was awakened by the insistent shrilling of the telephone. Grumbling at being disturbed so early on what should have been his day of rest, the chief pulled on slippers and robe and made his way downstairs. The moment he lifted the receiver his weariness vanished.

"Warden Colbert calling from the Louys Gaol," the voice said. "A man has just been murdered right outside the prison gates! Come at once!"

In less than an hour, and for the third time in two weeks, Chief Hebert, Inspector Rousseau, Detective Levallois and Dr. Maupert gathered about the limp form of a man who had been killed by having a long steel needle driven into his heart.

Warden Colbert tersely explained.

" Barely an hour ago, this man, Pierre Delagrange, was released at the termination of his sentence. He was freed at five o'clock because he wished to catch an early train to his home at Avignon. Warder Dupont, on duty at the main gate, saw Delagrange get into a taxi that happened along and heard him tell the driver to take him to the railway station. When Dupont again opened the gate, less than an hour later, to let out two other warders going off duty, the three of them were shocked to see Delagrange's body lying here. This was pinned to his clothing."

Warden Colbert handed Chief Hebert a card.

It was another nine of spades, but this time five of the pips had been crudely

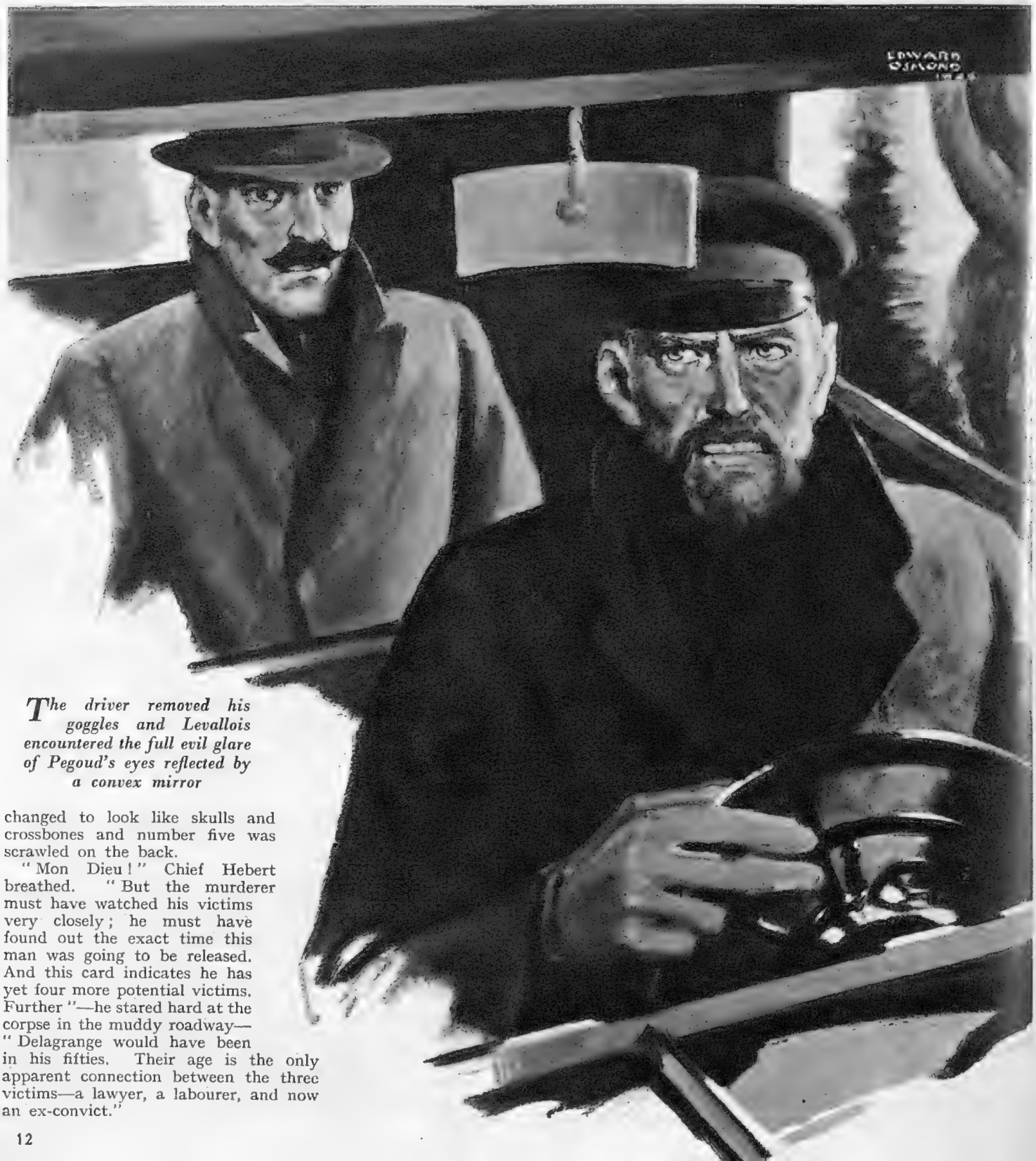
" And again the missile was driven downwards," Dr. Maupert said as, getting to his feet, he handed another of the deadly needles to the chief.

" Yes, the killer is definitely a man of method," Chief Hebert commented as he wrapped the sliver of steel in a handkerchief. " These killings have been so carefully planned and executed that I am now convinced this is a case of vendetta. And, unless from now on we work fast, four more men may be killed."

THE next morning, when Chief Hebert summoned all officers working on the case to his office, he was grimly jubilant. His desk was covered with papers.

" I am now able to state," he began, " that your painstaking work is at last showing results. I am now beginning to arrive at an understanding concerning these steel-pin killings. But, I warn you, even now, *when I know his name*, it will take our combined ingenuity to trap the murderer. I shall explain at length and in detail. As I talk I shall refer to these reports and cables on my desk.

" The fact that all three victims were warned beforehand, also the use of the nine of spades, convinced me that the murders were vendetta killings, for, as you all know, the ace of spades is a typical Corsican vendetta sign. Use of the *nine* of spades indicates nine victims and potential victims. Since he has killed only three in Paris, with four to go, these figures suggested that he had killed two before coming here. This I have confirmed ; (*Continued on page* 55)



The driver removed his goggles and Levallois encountered the full evil glare of Pegoud's eyes reflected by a convex mirror

changed to look like skulls and crossbones and number five was scrawled on the back.

" Mon Dieu ! " Chief Hebert breathed. " But the murderer must have watched his victims very closely ; he must have found out the exact time this man was going to be released. And this card indicates he has yet four more potential victims. Further "—he stared hard at the corpse in the muddy roadway—" Delagrange would have been in his fifties. Their age is the only apparent connection between the three victims—a lawyer, a labourer, and now an ex-convict."

On Left: CARDIFF CASTLE, one of the homes of the MARQUIS OF BUTE. *Below:* The Marquis who, just before the war, sold about a third of his properties in and around Cardiff at a hush-hush price set at £20,000,000

Farewell Millionaires

The Exchequer Has Milked The Rich Of £629,599,000 In The Past Seven Years In Death Duties Alone

By L. W. Phelps-Orion

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to the sterling millionaire. The really rich are fading fast from the English scene. Before the war 1,024 people in Britain could comfortably count their assets as at least a million. To-day this wealthy class has dwindled—in statistics, certainly, though in actual fact perhaps to a lesser degree—to barely fifty.

In 1938, 7,000 people also enjoyed an earning power of at least £6,000, after paying their taxes. Time and change have whittled this affluent upper crust to sixty. Yet despite inflationary tendencies, millions of little people now find themselves with far more money in their pockets and purses—and far more savings in the bank—than ever before. The £250–£500 per annum wage-earners have zoomed from 1,745,000 to 5,200,000. Small savings have increased by over £3,000,000,000.

Against the glamorous junketings of Edwardian Britain, the balls and banquets and house-parties at which the rich made their biggest splash, it's just as well to set the statistical blunt truth that one per cent of the population formerly owned seventy per cent of the nation's capital. Currently, Mr. Dalton vouches, the Smiths and the Joneses, the people earning £500 a year or less, control eighty-five per cent of the nation's purchasing power. Britain has seen a tremendous levelling down—and levelling up—to average standards.

No post-mortem is needed on Crœsus. The Exchequer has milked the rich of £629,599,000 in the past seven years in death-duties alone. A millionaire of the electrical industry, Mr. Frank Parkinson, recently died of heart trouble. He started his career with only £20, built up a factory in a Leeds back-street and worked hard all his life. To-day, his family at Sunningdale will presumably be left with £500,000 to rub along on, a figure representing a tax-free income of only £5,000 or so.

MRS. VAN DER ELST derives her wealth from shaving creams, tooth-pastes and cosmetics. She has fun with her money

When the estate of Lord Moyne, the beer baron, was proved last year at £2,000,000, death duties reduced it to £698,362. Yet Lord Moyne's father had left the second largest estate ever admitted to probate, a fortune of £13,000,000.

Gone, in fact, are the millionaire dynasties, the Sassoons and Portlands, the Joels and Devonshires. Even the Rothschilds have been selling their plate. The Mountbatten fortune remains intact, thanks to many wise investments in property, but the yesteryear accumulations of the Levers (*Continued on page* 55)

LORD NUFFIELD, seventy next year, is still supreme among the self-mades

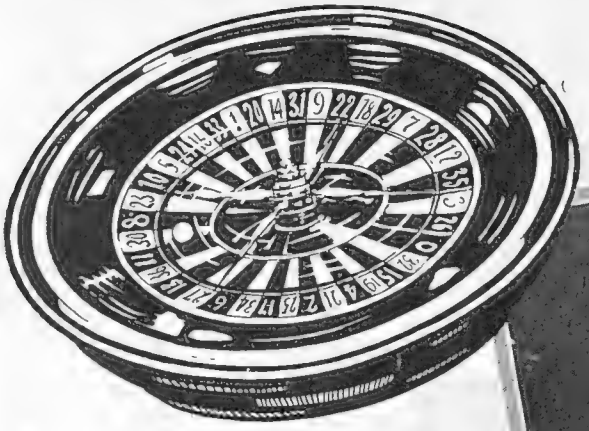
SIR SIMON MARKS; his chain of stores capitalized at £3,950,000 employs 20,000

ALAN PAUL GOOD, beginning as a lawyer, now holds directorships in twenty-three companies

J. IVAN SPENS, a chartered accountant, who has the strings of an industrial empire at his finger-tips

J. A. RANK, the film magnate and probably most famous of the modern millionaires

LADY YULE inherited £9,000,000 from her husband. Runs a film studio



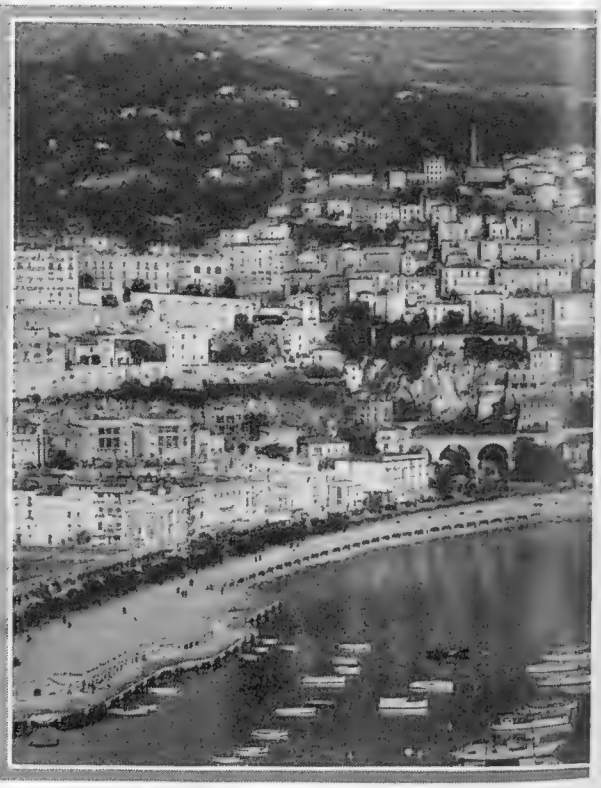
Monte Carlo

THE square harbour was quiet under the moon as I came up the hill—no creak of moored yacht, no chug of power-boat coming in from Cannes or Antibes. As I crossed the dark deserted gardens, frogs stopped croaking and splashed into the lily pool. The garden bar of the Metropole dreamed under its coloured lights festooned among the shade trees. It was the witching hour when the great Casino's siren song reaches its most powerful and potent pitch; and one could imagine the Sovereign Prince, his eyes still keen behind rimless pince-nez in a square old face, pausing in his after-dinner stroll with the young bride he married in July, the lovely Ghislaine Dommanges, on the terrace of his ancient rock-perched castle.

"While you and I enjoy this enchanted night, *chérie*, down there, in that building like a rococo station hotel, thousands of people are gambling feverishly, greedily, in rooms like subterranean caverns which never see the sun. Every time the wheel turns—and there are thirty wheels which spin many hundreds of times every twenty-four hours—3.2 per cent of the stakes remains behind as clear profit. The trente-et-quarante play yields 1.6 per cent. By midnight that immense suction pump will enrich us by about 114,000 francs, or say £248, for the company owning it pays me £90,000 a year for the concession. Next year, every twenty-four hours' play will bring us 10 per cent more, for my contract calls for another £10,000 a year for the next decade.

"Ah, it was a lucky day for us when François Blanc made a deal with my grandfather to set up his little spinning wheel in our principality. I do not remember the event: it was eighty years ago, and I was not born until four years later. But I know that we were quite poor and our future was extremely dark. Who would have thought that this astonishing passion for trying to beat an unbeatable

The entrance to the Casino at Monte Carlo



A view of the 7.99 square-mile

Play in progress in one of the gaming rooms of the International Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. This club, the most exclusive on the French Riviera, was built to meet the competition of the opulent new Casinos at Nice and Cannes

Prince Louis of Monaco, the reigning prince, who receives £90,000 a year from the company which holds the gaming concession

Faces To-morrow

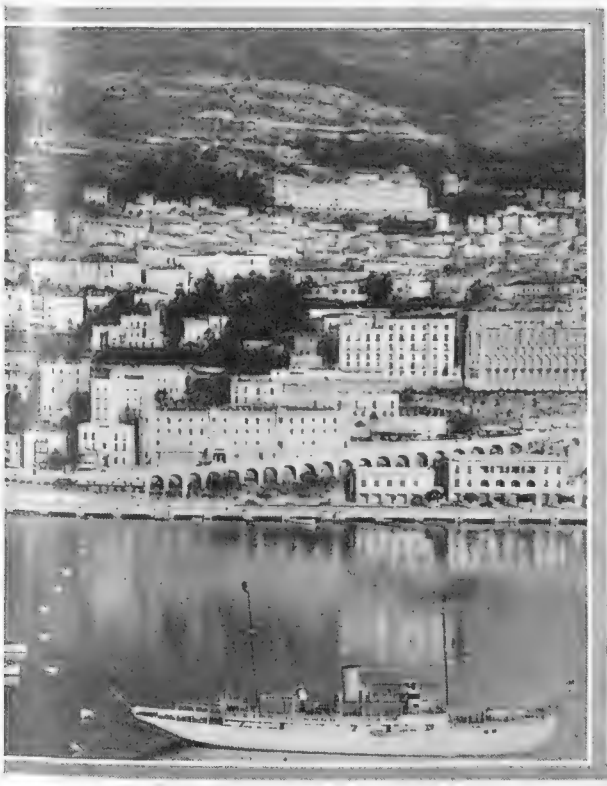
By C. Patrick Thompson

gambling machine would have transformed our family's fortunes? It's a wonderful business!"

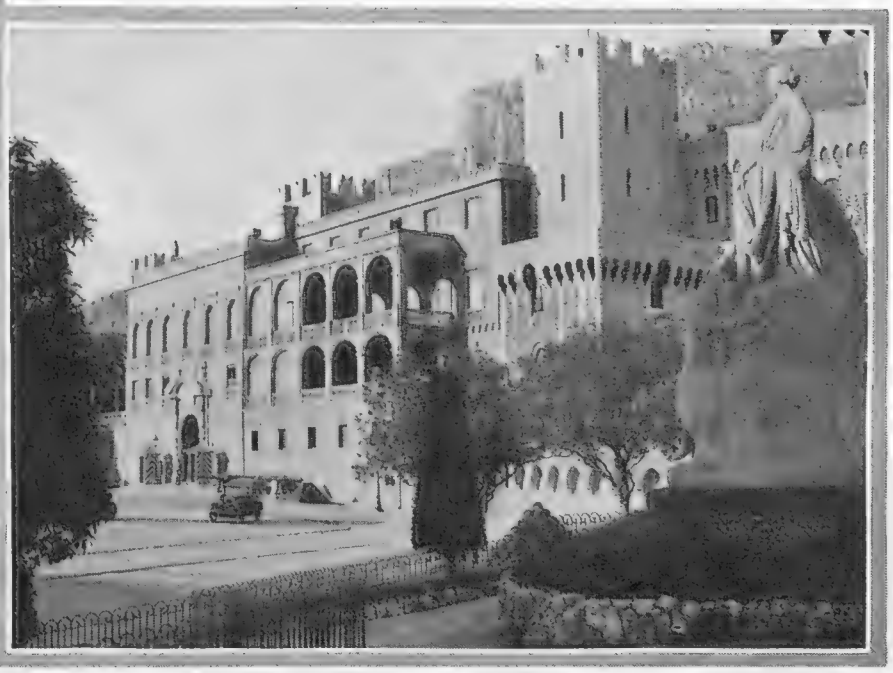
At least, a conversation piece like that flitted through my mind as I entered the Casino for the first time since 1937. But it faded as I viewed the forlorn foyer, where a few dingy persons languidly punched strategically-placed slot machines. I showed my passport, paid ten francs (5d. : very reasonable) for my peach - and - white salons privés card, and passed on to a scene so sad that, I was later told, it gave the new head man, M. Roux, another grey hair every time he emerged from the director's bureau, and saw it.

In the main gaming room, only four roulette tables in play; in the salon privé, two, and a baccarat table (a second baccarat table stood by, fully manned by its croupier crew, but dead). The days when millionaire Lowenstein was rudely refused entrance because he wore plus-fours were evidently long past. Some of the male players, in open shirts and rumpled trousers, looked as though they had come off Brighton beach. The only dinner jacket in the place was on the weedy torso of a vapid young Englishman playing talkative baccarat in partnership with a placid elderly lady who might have been his aunt. No millionaires, magnates, princes—the Windsors were over at Antibes, but had stated their intention of going on to Italy, as Riviera life was too expensive—and no high play. The Sporting Club wasn't open.

Still, Prince Louis II, the shareholders of the Society of the Sea Baths (the quaintly-named company owning the Casino), and the 20,000 Monégasques who inhabit the 7.99 square-mile principality and depend mainly on Monte Carlo's lure for jobs and tax reliefs seem not too pessimistic. The second World War wasn't their first war, and what with Nazi and Vichy gaming, and a convenient neutrality respected by all belligerents they've come out of it in better financial shape than they came out of the first World War. Then, the treasury was exhausted. (*Continued on page* 59)



principality of Monte Carlo



A general view of the palace of Prince Louis at Monte Carlo

Black MONEY

Money Has Become A Commodity, Just Like Soap, Sugar Or Bread

By **Harry J. Greenwall**

APPARENTLY there is no child too young to whisper in its own language: "*Schwartze börse*," "*marchée noire*," "black market," "*mercado negro*," or what have you? Likewise, or so it seems to me, an idea has grown up that this black market business is something which rose to the surface during the last war; but those who are sufficiently mellow in years to have been acquainted with events that followed the first World War can relate that black markets flourished in those days. Yet that is by no means the whole story; the black market racket began with the black money which financed it, and during the years between the two wars black money flowed in every direction, so, if you want to understand something of the whys and the wherefores of the black markets, you will have to know more than somewhat of this highly organized black money business.

Early one morning in January, 1919, there was a knock on my bedroom door in the Hotel Adlon, Berlin. "What is it?" I muttered.

"Have you any dollars or pounds you want to exchange?" a voice asked in English. I rose and opened the door. There stood a dapper young man who became known to us all as "Polish Jack." I remember all the details well, because this was my first introduction to black money; since that morning I have seen it in many forms, and not only in Europe.

"Polish Jack" was not alone in his racket; he had two competitors who stand out in my mind. Both were Americans; one of them lived happily in Paris until the 1929 crash; the other re-introduced himself to me in New York. He was one of the lawyers who defended Hauptmann who went to the "chair" for kidnapping the Lindbergh baby. Their black money racket was simple. They bought our pounds and dollars for about ten or twelve times the official rate in German marks.

Then they sent the pounds and dollars to Cologne, in the occupied zone, and sold them at a much higher rate than they had given us. But, you may be asking, what did they do with the profit, if the mark was so low? This is what "Polish Jack" did: he bought English chocolate, cigarettes and groceries from the English canteen in Berlin and sold these goods on the black market. True, eventually both "Polish Jack" and an Englishman were arrested and went to prison. I know for a fact that the Englishman was the "mug," but "Polish Jack," my, my, what a swathe he cut across the Berlin skies for a long time.

When you think of the black money racket remember this: Every time somebody makes money, somebody somewhere has lost or is going to lose.

Currencies began to tumble all over Europe; people hoarded gold while the printing presses worked overtime churning out notes. The British pound stood steady, while the Ministers of Finance of many countries lost their heads, and every time a Minister of Finance loses his head you may be sure the black money boys score. They are not always just racketeers, by no manner of means; sometimes they are government officials who see a way of making a bit.

Soon after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles I happened to be in Athens and short of what the Greeks were using for money. I had to continue my travels, so cabled London to ask for a cable transfer of one hundred pounds. It arrived the day the Greeks had decided how to improve the drachma: they cut the notes in half with scissors, just like that. I said, hey, give me fifty pounds in sterling and fifty in these half notes. The Greeks indeed had words for it; they would not. I was leaving Greece that day, with bundles of worthless half notes. They had one hundred English pounds. I had these elastic-bound bundles which outside of the country were good for nothing, I mean really good for nothing.

I am not going to even try and decide who made money over that transaction, but I know that my employers lost.

In 1921 I was in Lisbon and there was a revolution going on; indeed, that is why I was there. The revolution was being run by the navy and the croupiers of the gaming houses; the croupiers were in it because the government of that week had decided to close down the gaming houses. I called on the then manager of a British bank in Lisbon. Portuguese currency had tumbled to a new low; the pound and the dollar were in the clouds. This is what the manager told me had happened that morning. The revolutionary committee had sent letters to all (*Continued on page* 60)

Home Girl

Two Women Across The Seas From One Another—Was It Possible One Had Come Flying To The Aid Of The Other?

By Pearl S. Buck

"MY mother no like so late," Etsu said.

She looked up, very far up, at the tall American with whom she was walking along the street of her home town. She had lived here all her life but it was a new town since the Americans came. Nobody knew what to make of it, but they were all trying hard to please the conquerors. Etsu held her body stiff in the circle of Ted's arm. "Teddu," she called him.

"You give mother my chocolate, Etty, and she no care," Teddy replied. He squeezed her tighter. The big obi she wore was a nuisance.

"I wish you'd take the sofa cushion off your back," he complained.

She laughed. This he knew now meant that she did not understand what he said and he reached in his pocket for his dictionary.

"Siddown," he commanded her. They were in the park and there was a bench. She obeyed him and he released his arm. He looked up "sofa" and "cushion" and pointed to her satin obi. She nodded.

"Ah-ha, Teddu," she said. Then she looked grave. "No," she said distinctly. She shook her head for emphasis. "No," she repeated.

It was the first English word she had learned and the one she used most frequently with Ted. Her gravity he instantly understood. She thought he had proposed something improper. He looked at her solemnly.

"Listen, kid, I don't mean take off your clothes—just the sofa cushion. Couldn't you use a string or something?"

He fished in his pockets and produced a string. It had been tied around the box of cookies Sue had made and sent him. Sue was his best girl in Plainfield, New Jersey, which was his home town. It was a good string, and he had kept it. Now he reached his arms around Etsu's waist and demonstrated with the string. She was horrified.

"No, no, Teddu," she said with such passion that he gave

THE deer watched them hopefully. "He think you eat the hand," Etsu said with amusement

up, thrust his hands in his pockets and stared sulkily across the grass. She sat in her graceful, motionless fashion, stealing looks at him from the corners of her long eyes. She was a very pretty girl, small and slight. Her face was oval and her eyes were black and gentle. But her mouth was her prettiest feature. Ted had looked at it often and long, with speculative eyes. She had never let him kiss her. He had made efforts, both with and without the dictionary, but she had only said "No, no, Teddu."

It was not as if all Japanese girls refused kisses. The fellows said plenty of them were willing enough, once you showed them how. But Etsu would not let him show her anything. More than once he had decided to give her up and get him an easier girl. But none of them were as pretty as Etsu. Besides, there was something home-like about her house and family. He always called there for her, and her parents hovered around, as anxious as if they'd been Americans. She was the oldest of the family, and they thought a lot of her, anybody could see. There were two girls and a boy younger than she was. They all told Etsu goodbye as though she was going to be gone a week instead of only down the street to the park or the movies. It made him feel responsible.

"To hell with it," he now said aloud.

Etsu laughed and waved to a deer, which came up to them hopefully. The park was full of deer. Even during the war they had been cared for and fed. There had been some talk of eating them, but nobody could bring themselves to kill the sacred deer.

"Deer, hungry," she remarked. Study of the dictionary had helped her English very much.

Ted grinned. "Now if you'd just say, 'Hungry, dear.'"

"Hungry, dear?" she said obediently.

"Damned hungry," he replied. He took her little hand and put it to his lips. This she allowed. She had discussed it at home and father and mother had listened, bewildered. She discussed everything about the American with them at night after she came home and the children were in bed.

"Does he bite your hand?" mother had asked in horror.

"No, he never hurts me," Etsu had replied. She felt tenderness at the thought of him. "He never hurts me at all," she said. "He even helps me by the arm when we cross the street."

Father and mother had looked at one another.

"You are sure he does not have improper ideas?" mother asked timidly. Etsu had gazed at them limpidly, anxious to tell them everything. After all, she was in a strange situation, with what dangers she did not know.

"He wants to put his mouth on mine," she told them.

The two elders looked away in their horror.

"I forbid it," father said sternly.

"There are germs in the mouth," mother explained.

"Promise me you will never allow it," father commanded and she had promised.

"But my hand?" she had asked.

They had discussed the hand and after some hours of deliberation father and mother had agreed that the hand might occasionally be allowed if it was necessary to avoid the mouth. But it should not be allowed if it led to the mouth. Since Ted was displeased with her about her obi, she now allowed him the hand.

The deer watched them hopefully.

"He think you eat the hand," Etsu said with amusement.

Ted laughed. "I'll be darned," he said. He forgot that it was Etsu's hand he was kissing. It became a game with the deer. He put her hand down. The deer stared and began to walk away. They saw it look back and Ted snatched her hand again and put it to his lips. The deer galloped toward them. They laughed and both forgot that a moment before he had been angry and she half frightened.

"Smart deer," Ted said. "For that I'll buy him something to eat."

They rose and the deer followed, trotting like a dog behind them when it saw

ETSU began to eat and she could not stop. She ate fish soup and fried shrimps and shredded chicken and cabbage and rice. She ate until even Ted was astonished

them turn in the direction of the vendor who sold the little bean cakes for deer. Ted bought a bag full and they sat down on the grass and he fed them to the deer one by one while Etsu watched them both with affection. But the sight of the feeding increased her own ever-present hunger.

"Feed me, please, Teddu, like deer," she coaxed.

He gave her a cake and she ate it in a swallow. He stared at her.

"Is it good?" he asked.

"Some good," she said.

He put down the bag and leaned toward her. "I'll be damned," he began. "You aren't sure enough hungry, are you, Etty?"

"Some hungry," she admitted.

Father and mother had both told her that she was never to accept food from him—not real food, that is. Tea and sweets she could take, but no more. Once a man began feeding a woman he would feel she belonged to him, they said.

"You understand that you cannot belong to an American," father had said sternly. Father was a tall man, for a Japanese. He had a deep sad voice and sad eyes. None of the children thought of disobeying him. He went on and his voice sank a note deeper. "The Americans are our conquerors and we must show them courtesy. But courtesy does not demand that we give them our women."

"I had rather see Etsu dead," mother had said. She was a tiny creature, thin as a winter wren.

THERE had been great difficulty in the town over the matter of Americans and women. It had become clear, within twenty-four hours, that the Americans were used to women and expected to be with them. Some expected more. All through the town anxious fathers and mothers discussed this matter. The Americans did not understand the difference, the vast difference, between home girls and other girls. One of the other girls need not mind if an American came up behind her and put his arm about her middle and pulled out his dictionary. She too bought a dictionary as soon as she could. But a home girl cried and ran if an American put his arm about her. He always ran after her and tried to comfort her, which frightened her more than ever. Ted had run after Etsu and only because the house had been in the same block as the market, where she bought the family food, had she escaped him. When she came out the next day he was there again. She saw him and slammed the gate and ran back to tell father and mother. Together they had come out to meet the American and explain matters, which were difficult, since mother spoke no English and father had only what he had been able to learn out of a dictionary since the Emperor had announced the defeat of the nation. Ted had thought they were speaking Japanese, and both had to use dictionaries to arrive at an understanding.

"I get you," Ted had said at last. "You mean she's a nice girl."

Father had beamed at him.

"Mind if I walk with her once in a while?" Ted had asked.

"No, no," father had said positively, meaning exactly what he said.

"Okay, thanks," Ted had said. He had tipped his cap and walked away with Etsu then, to the consternation of father and mother, who had at once fallen in behind. But there had been only the block to go, and when they reached the market Ted had laughed, tipped his cap again and sauntered away.

Ted had been there the next day, too, but Etsu had reported no misbehaviour when she got home, and he had not tried to come in. But at the gate, with the dictionary, he had conveyed to her that while he walked with her no other American man must be allowed to do so.

The parents had discussed this solemnly after the children went to bed.

"It is better for only one to follow you than an army," father had declared. "With help from mother and me, we can perhaps benefit from this one American, and preserve good relations also."

So it had come to pass that Ted walked with her every day and after a while she began to come out after supper and walk to the park with him, which was what had happened this evening.

He studied her pretty face. Gosh, but she was pretty—almost as pretty as Sue. He would never have thought a Jap girl could be so pretty. Funny how a few months ago he was (*Continued on page 60*)

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

London's Montparnasse

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Dozens of antique shops have sprung up, usually fitted out, painted and decorated by the new owners or leaseholders

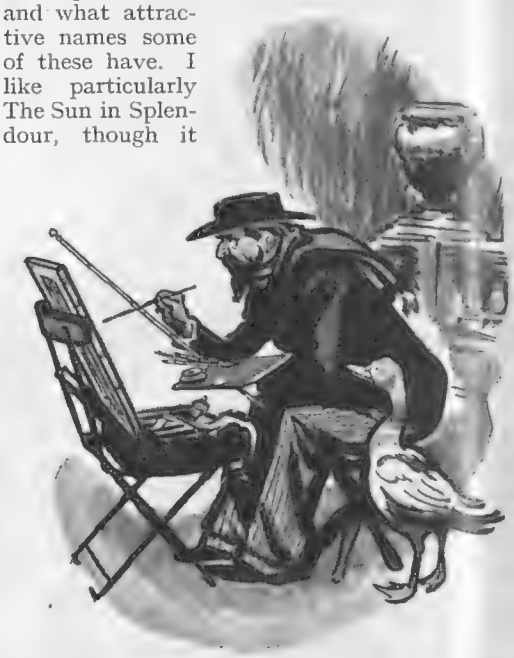
IN *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, published at the beginning of the century, Gilbert Chesterton told how Adam Wayne, local provost, refused to allow an arterial road to be pushed through from Kensington; how Notting Hill was set upon by its neighbour boroughs, and, withstanding them all, won a great victory with its red-tunicked, gold-belted halberdiers of immortal spirit, and rose to the overlordship of all London. "Napoleon's" headquarters were in Pump Street, fictitiously joining Pembridge Square and Moscow Road, and the culminating street action was fought round the Water Tower on Campden Hill—afterwards crowned with gold as a sign of victory, even as it was illuminated on VE-Day.

Notting Hill has not been really in the news since that far-off Edwardian fantasy, but now it is coming back. I don't mean as the scene of the best murders. Nor is the borough likely to be invaded by Kensington, Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush because of arterial trouble; on the contrary, Notting Hill has agreed to the construction of a "Piccadilly Circus" right in its centre. Boroughs don't invade each other over such things to-day. They find other grounds—such as the arrival on Campden Hill of an army of squatters from all parts of London. (Is Campden Hill "Notting Hill"? There might be a battle over *that*.) No; the reason Notting Hill is being heard of, is because it shows signs of becoming a "Quarter" quite on its own. One could well imagine a jealous Chelsea taking up the challenge and staging a mock attack from two miles away, though the Chelsea-ites could hardly feel more resentful than does prim and proper Kensington at the Bohemian habits and way of life of its less royal neighbour, Notting Hill, new centre of art and oddness. Where in 1904 it was peopled "mainly by dentists, maiden ladies and small tradesmen," sometimes, when you turn a corner in 1946, you are fleetingly reminded of a London edition of Montparnasse.

On account of the dryness and the early closing, the call for parties in "digs" and studios is all the greater, but how they meet with resistance!

I say "fleetingly" because a ubiquitous and over-riding feature of the real "Montparno" is missing on Notting Hill; the café terrace. There is nothing to be done about that until the L.C.C. or the local town council, or both, experience a change of heart. The central attribute of any "Quarter" is the café chair and table which, together, are the exact answer to the mood of the people who go to compose these intellectual and art settlements.

Notting Hill tries to make up for the absent chair of dalliance by dozens of small cafés, Continental-style restaurants, and tea shops, while ice-cream parlours are arriving on the horizon, with their germs and stomach threats. Yet it is probably in the local pub that one comes nearest to the social atmosphere of Montparnasse; and what attractive names some of these have. I like particularly The Sun in Splendour, though it seldom is in Notting Hill in the year 1946.



Kensington Gardens doing duty for the Luxembourg

Granted the very big "minus" of the missing café terrace, here are attributes that set one in mind of a "Quarter":

Women of all ages and sizes in slacks of various hues, usually smoking and often pushing prams. Some lick ice-creams, which is not so good on a public thoroughfare. Bandeaux and behinds are equally riotous and male counterparts are freely wearers of beards, bérets, corduroys, and suède shoes—signs of "demob," sometimes bogusly worn.

Notting Hill is young and cosmopolitan in its new settlers and boasts a greater assortment of human colour than Bloomsbury. Dusky sons and daughters of Africa and the Caribbean colonies have at last been able to get to London to study. A good deal of the new Notting Hill goes out to study, while others stay at home and paint, or write, or fashion knick-knacks and more serious *objets* for the windows of dozens of antique shops that have sprung up, usually fitted out, painted and decorated by the new owners or (*Continued on page 74*)

Old Tales Re-told

The Great Prediction Of The Tragic Destiny Of The Empress Josephine

Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

IN everyone's imagination the heroine of this tale stands out in all the glory of her lofty position, a radiant figure of a woman as brilliant in natural gifts as the diamonds which sparkled in the imperial crown she wore and the precious stones of her bejewelled gown.

As such, history keeps its mighty spotlight on Josephine, wife of the Emperor Napoleon I. So outstanding is the period beginning with her marriage to the warlord and ending in her tragic exit from the imperial stage, that one is apt to miss the chapter which led to the momentous meeting with the "Man of Destiny"; a chapter that is much more adventurous and dramatic than any other

"The old sibyl almost by force seized my hand and I allowed her to proceed, saying, 'So you discover something extraordinary in my destiny?"

of Josephine's life. She was born of French parents at St. Pierre, the capital of Martinique, in the year 1767, where her father, Captain Joseph Gaspard Tascher, had retired. She was entrusted to the care of her aunt, Mme. Renaudin, who had better means at her disposal for giving the girl an accomplished education in spite of her being in a part of the world where civilisation was still somewhat primitive.

Josephine grew into a beautiful and intelligent girl, with a marked tendency to absorb everything that would enrich her mind, showing at the same time an extremely versatile aptitude in music and art. Often her sweet voice, accompanied by the harp that she played very skilfully, could be heard in the sultry night air.

Biographers of Josephine devote many pages to the various accomplishments of this gifted girl. Above all, they emphasise the irresistible fascination of her voice. Whenever she sang, or read aloud, or spoke, everyone was struck by the sweetness of the sound rather than the meaning of the words. Many believe that it was just this that first attracted the attention of Napoleon Bonaparte. As a matter of fact, often he was heard to utter the following simile " as sweet as the voice of Josephine."

DURING the early part of her life an incident happened to Mlle. Josephine Tascher to which, at the time, she gave no importance. The following narrative is her own, that later in life she related to some of her ladies : " One day, some time before my first marriage, while taking my usual walk, I observed a number of negro girls assembled round an old woman engaged in telling their fortunes. I drew near to observe their proceedings. The old sibyl, on beholding me, uttered a loud exclamation, and almost by force seized my hand. She appeared to be under the greatest agitation. Amused at these absurdities, I allowed her to proceed, saying, ' So you discover something extraordinary in my destiny ? ' ' Yes, misfortune—and happiness too.' ' What read you concerning me in the future ? ' ' You will not believe me if I speak.' ' Yes, indeed, I assure you.' ' On your own head be it, then. Listen : You will be married soon ; that union will not be happy, you will become a widow, and then—you will be Queen of France ! ' "

The prediction seemed ludicrous, as she was expected by her relatives to accept what they considered a good marriage with the young owner of a neighbouring plantation.

The first element of her true destiny appeared under the shape of a dashing young officer, Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais, also a native of Martinique. He had taken an active part in the American War of Independence, and had returned to the island to claim a considerable parcel of land he had inherited. This land was adjoining the estate where Josephine lived. Very soon they became acquainted, and no need to say what impression the elegant ways, the daring exploits, and the adventures of de Beauharnais made on the sixteen-year-old Josephine. The two—he was just over nineteen—fell in love, and were soon married. Not long after, the joy of life pulsing in their hearts, they sailed for France.

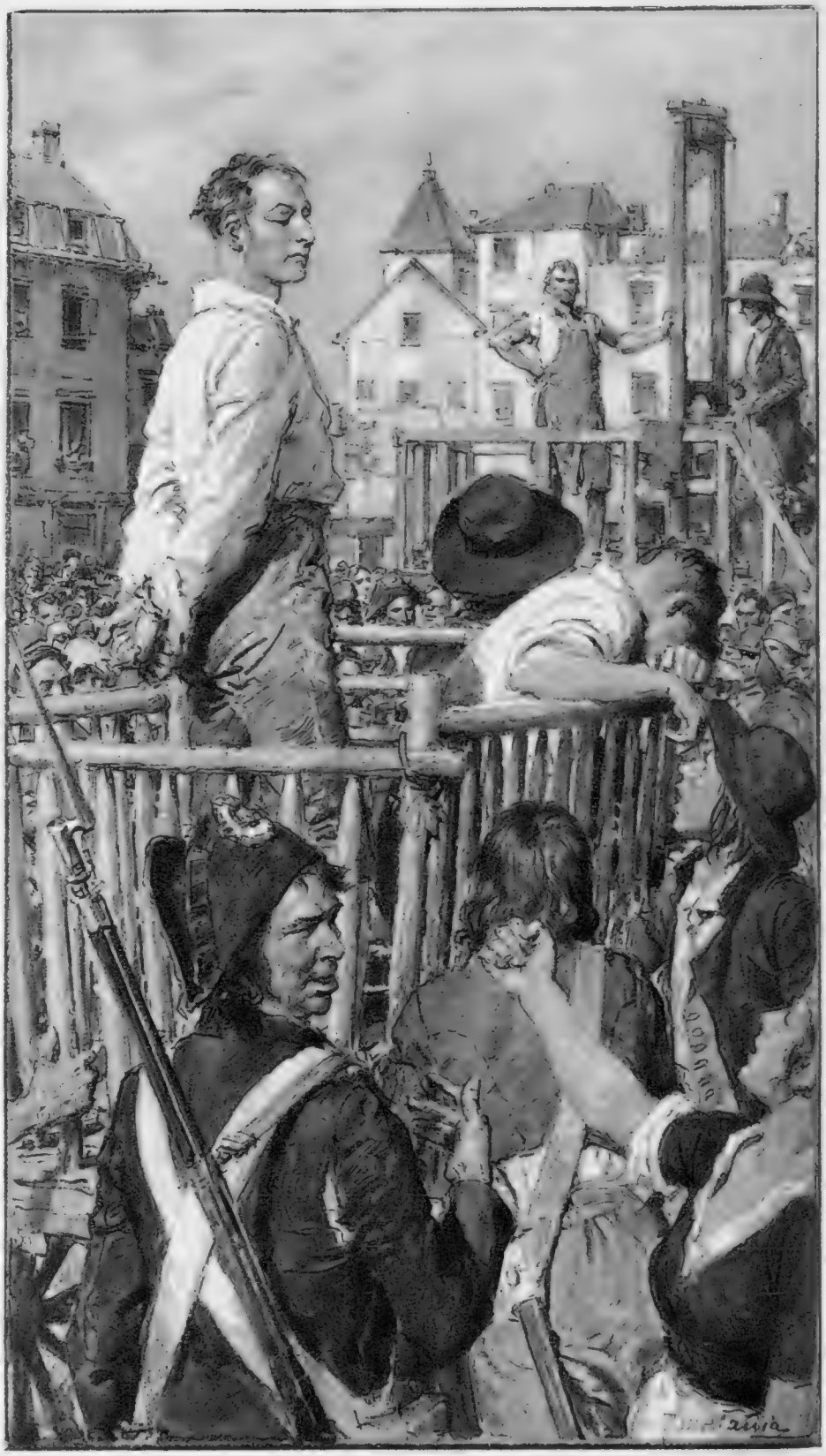
A year later their happiness was crowned with the birth of a boy. Three years later a girl was born to them.

Unfortunately, a considerable section of the aristocracy still maintained the lax standard of morals of the previous generation and the scandalous reign of Louis XV. The domestic qualities of Louis XVI. were completely overshadowed by the splendour of his Court and the dictatorial power of the gang who were chiefly responsible for the downfall of the dynasty. There was hardly a married man, no matter of what age, who had not many mistresses, and a young and handsome officer like the Vicomte de Beauharnais, living in the heart of that society, could not fail to be the victim of temptations.

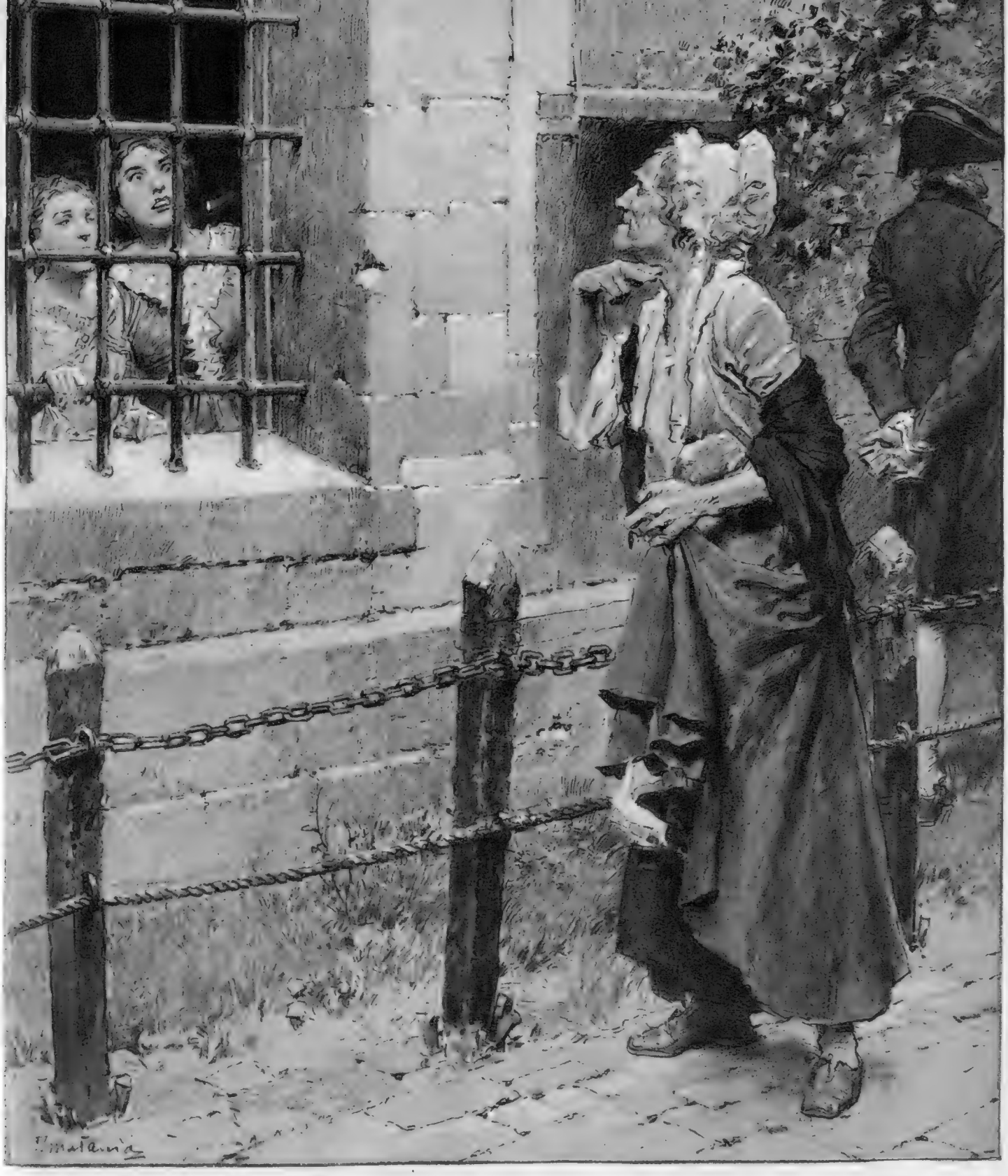
Whether it was the infectious atmosphere or one of those infatuations that obliterate from the brain of a man any sense of duty, honesty, reason, sentiment and gratitude, de Beauharnais fell under the spell of another woman and thus dealt the blow that stabbed Josephine to the heart and destroyed the harmony of what seemed the most ideal family.

Although quite new to this sort of disillusionment, Josephine understood that that kind of infatuation had to follow its normal course, after which time would eliminate the poison.

Her life in France became intolerable. Even the kind words of consolation of her friends were an unendurable torture, and so she decided to return to her former simple life. Her mother



Beauharnais, together with many others, was placed in the tumbril and driven through the deafening abuse of the crazy crowd to the sinister contraption on the blood-soaked scaffold



still lived on the island of Martinique, the old house was still there, as also the old servants and all that constituted for her the sweetest and most cherished memories.

WITH very limited means she embarked, together with her children, for the West Indies. As the coast of France slowly disappeared below the horizon, Josephine wondered whether she would ever see that country again. The irony of fate brought back to her memory the words of the old woman who had predicted for her the Crown of France. What would the old crone say now that she was leaving that land of sorrow a humiliated and impoverished woman?

For three years she lived a comparatively quiet and calm life on the island. But for France those three years had marked the actual beginning of what still remains the most monstrous revolution in European history. Already in 1787, when Josephine sailed away, the oppressed population began to lift its head, threatening to rise. The storm grew in intensity during the years 1788 and 1789, and when Josephine received the alarming news that Alexandre de Beauharnais was involved in the Republican movement, she went back to France.

When they acknowledged the interpretation of the signs the old woman confirmed it, then drew her fingers across her throat

Three years of separation had enabled the unfaithful husband to get over the infatuation that had estranged him from his wife. Friends and relatives, knowing Josephine's generosity, succeeded in bringing the parties together again, thereby reuniting the family once more.

Eager to keep afloat in the storm that raged in the political position of France, de Beauharnais dropped his title of Vicomte, as also the "de" before his name. He was given command of the troops sent against Germany, and became plain General Beauharnais. Even in battle he was safer than in Paris, for the flight of the terrified aristocrats from France was already taking place on a large scale, but Beauharnais returned with the full confidence that as a Republican and ex-President of the Convention he had nothing to fear, while the guillotine was pitilessly accomplishing its gruesome task. Not even when the heads of the King and Queen fell in the basket of the murderous machine did the bloodthirsty citizens show any signs of abating

their fury. Anyone brought to the limelight through any circumstances was liable to be caught in the net of extermination, so that Josephine, like thousands of other wives, lived in constant fear, for no one was safe while Robespierre was in supreme power.

Early one morning a young man, on the pretext of selling some shoes, asked to see citizeness Josephine Beauharnais. As soon as he was alone with her he whispered: "Madame, there is not a moment to lose if you want to save General Beauharnais. The Revolutionary Committee last night passed a resolution that he was to be arrested."

There was no time to say more, for at that moment Beauharnais entered the room. His distracted wife frantically threw her arms around him. Undismayed, he refused to flee, saying that a soldier accepted the war whatever the hazards.

The supposed shoemaker added that he was himself a Revolutionary, and that by warning Beauharnais he was putting his own life in danger, but he did it because he knew that Beauharnais was innocent. With these words he left, having refused any reward.

By midday two ruffians entered the house to arrest Beauharnais and, oddly enough, the warrant was handed to him by the very same man who three hours before had tried in vain to save him.

Beauharnais was taken to the Luxembourg, which had been changed into a prison.

Shortly afterwards Josephine received an anonymous letter containing a warning to flee, as she herself was in danger. The idea of being separated from her children terrified her, and yet, if she took the advice of the unknown friend, she would compromise her husband, so she decided to stay. That very same evening, whilst her children were sleeping, a band of ferocious-looking armed men took her away and bore her to the Carmelite Convent, which had been transformed into a prison. She was placed in a cell together with two other prisoners, Mme. D'Aguillon and the beautiful Thérésa Cabarrus, the beloved of Tallien, the enemy of Robespierre, and who, in spite of being the President of the Convention, had not been able to prevent the arrest of his beloved mistress.

The faithful messenger who arrested Beauharnais was still smuggling letters between Josephine and her husband, of whom she received the good news of an early release. They were allowed a meeting lasting a few minutes, after which they left each other with the words "Au revoir" . . . but Beauharnais, together with many others, was placed in the tumbril and driven through the deafening abuse of the crazy crowd to the sinister contraption on the blood-soaked scaffold.

Josephine had been a widow for only one day when she received the order to prepare herself for the guillotine. She was one of seventy to be executed. Thérésa Cabarrus was sure that Tallien had not been informed of the sentence, which included herself. Twice a day he used to pass by the barred window to catch a glimpse of her. That evening Thérésa succeeded in scribbling a few words and hid them in a cabbage-stalk, which she threw through the bars. Tallien picked it up and disappeared.

It was on the same day that Tallien and Robespierre faced each other in that mortal combat of words that has remained immortal.

The next day an old woman stood at a short distance from the barred window and attracted the attention of the three women within. She repeatedly touched her gown and at the same time fingered a stone. At length they understood, gown—*robe*, stone—*pierre*—Robespierre! When they acknowledged the interpretation of the signs, the old woman confirmed it, then drew her fingers across her throat. Was it possible that Robespierre was dead? They could not believe it, but a sudden noise in the corridor outside increased their anxieties. The door was burst open and from other prisoners they heard the details of the great event . . . Robespierre's head had fallen, like so many of his victims', in the basket of the guillotine. From every corner of Paris echoed the cry, "France is saved!" Josephine and her friends had nothing more to fear.

A few years later Josephine, already reinstated in a conspicuous position in Society, made the acquaintance of a young General, who was immediately impressed with her charming ways and more so with the exceptional sweetness of her voice. Josephine, on the other hand, thought him somewhat abrupt in his manner, although very polite. He undoubtedly gave the impression of being an exceptional and promising man. Surely, with the help of her connections, he would make a great career.

The old woman's prediction had come true, for he was Napoleon Bonaparte.

Josephine, reinstated in a conspicuous position in Society, made the acquaintance of a young General, who was impressed with her charming ways and with the exceptional sweetness of her voice

Bidford-on-Avon, where the Bidford Topers met the Stratford Guzzlers, amongst whom William Shakespeare is supposed to have been included

Temple Grafton—"Hungry Grafton"—The church is believed by many to be the place where Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway

A half-timbered country inn in "Papist" Wixford, one of the Shakespeare villages

The Holly Bush Inn at Broom—"Beggarly Broom"—another of the Shakespeare villages

Typically thatched cottages at Marston—"Dancing Marston"—of the Shakespeare villages

Shakespeare And The Topers

Written And Photographed By Reece Winstone

ALL lovers of the Shakespeare countryside will know the rhyme which mentions the eight "Shakespeare villages" near Stratford-on-Avon; it gives some of them rather severe adjectives.

There is a story told of its origin, but, as with so many of these tales we would like to believe, the experts do not agree with it.

It seems the famous bard, in company with convivial friends, was wont to sally forth on periodical "pub-crawls" in the immediate district. They would vie with each other in drinking their rivals "under the table." But on special occasions Will and his cronies met opposing teams; and when playing against the Bidford Society of Topers they rather met their match. The result is not quoted, however, but the following morning, after sleeping under a crab-apple tree, Shakespeare's friends wished to resume the battle. Our Elizabethan hero counselled otherwise and restrained them, saying, "No, I have drunk with :—

Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillsborough, Hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

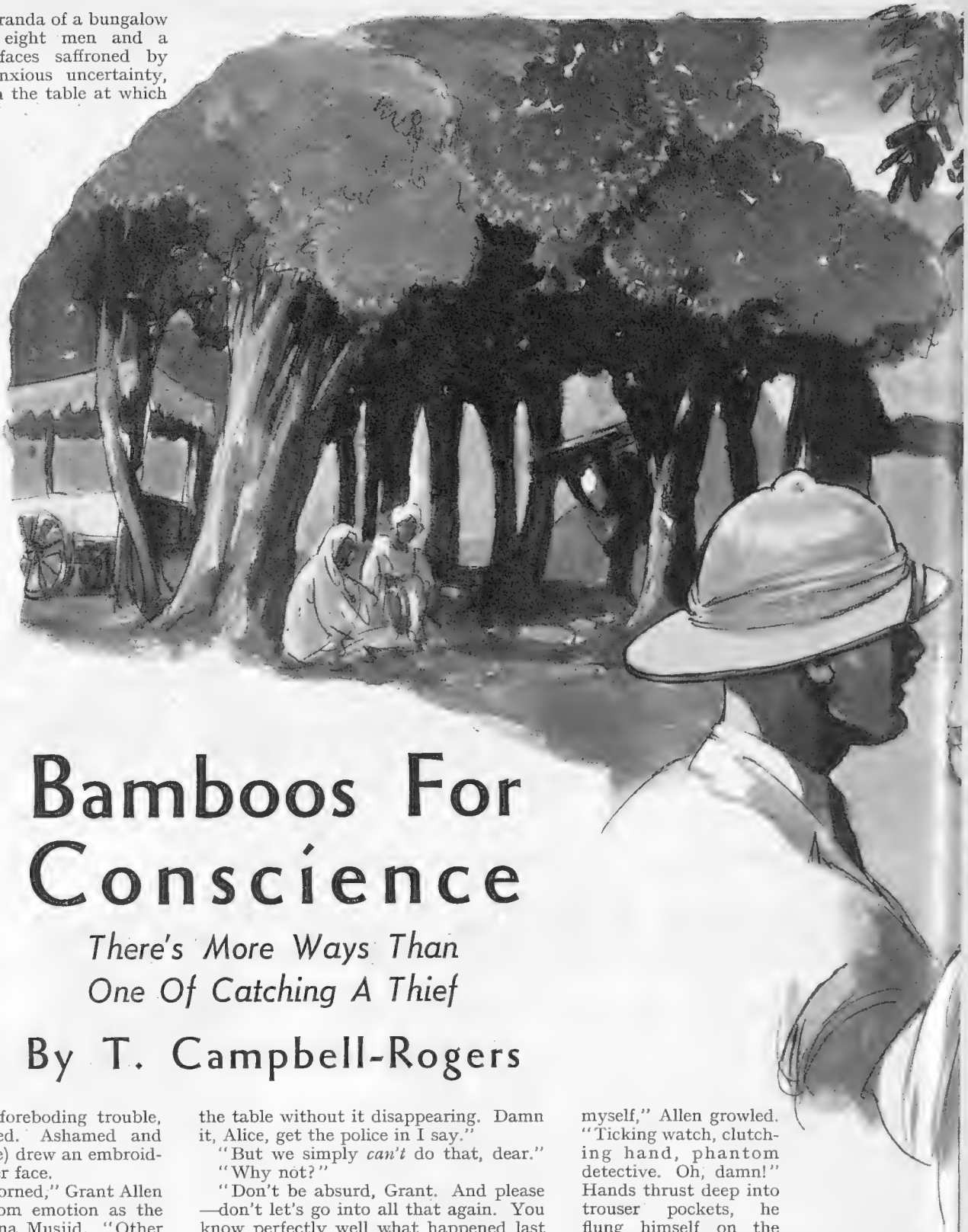
So the verse has been handed down, and though it cannot be proved if it was even Shakespeare who wrote it, these places are always known as the Shakespeare villages.

Visiting each in turn from Stratford one has but little distance to cover, but a day should be allowed to enjoy the beauties of the lovely Avon valley.

So let us turn south-west a few miles along the Broadway road; "Dancing Marston" is found a mile up a by-road to the right; actually Long Marston. With its street a mile long the modern designation is apt, but Will's referred to the excellence of the Morris dancers. "Dry Marston" was another epithet in olden days. Pretty thatched cottages line the lanes, and the church dates back to the fourteenth century. The local yellow stone was used in its building; it now stands time mellowed and with a picturesque half-timbered porchway. At the Manor House, now known as the King's Lodge, came Charles II after his escape from (*Continued on page 76*)

Old Cottages at Exhall—"Dodging Exhall"—believed to be so named because of its out-of-the-way position

"Haunted Hillsborough." This manor farm house is believed to be the "haunted" house in the rhyme



Bamboos For Conscience

There's More Ways Than One Of Catching A Thief

By T. Campbell-Rogers

IN the screened veranda of a bungalow in dusty Agra, eight men and a woman, brown faces saffroned by high lights of anxious uncertainty, shuffled uneasily. On the table at which Assistant Commissioner Grant Allen sat, a gold hunter ticked away ominous seconds.

"I give you five minutes to speak," Allen stated in level tones. "Let the guilty one declare himself."

Overhead an electric fan whirled while, insistent and throbbing, the monotonous scale of a brain-fever bird, harbinger of blistering temperatures, beat against the hush of hot afternoon. Determined and grim, the official confronted the line-up. Searching each face with hard, appraising grey eyes he counted aloud the completed minutes, emphasizing the tally with a finger that fell on the polished teak. Ten seconds to go. His thumb dropped.

"There is amongst you a thief." Allen's clean-cut, bronzed face hardened. "I have given opportunity to confess, restore and leave in peace."

"*Huzoor*, I speak for all your servants." The grey-bearded *khidmutgar* (butler) salaamed low. "If any here has proved ungrateful to his salt, may the curse of Allah fall on him and his children eat with dogs."

Eight brown men foreboding trouble, twitched and fidgeted. Ashamed and cowed the ayah (nurse) drew an embroidered-edge *sari* over her face.

"Mercy has been scorned," Grant Allen continued, as free from emotion as the red minarets of Jumna Musjid. "Other means shall now apply. Till I give permission, none shall leave the compound. Go now about your work."

He replaced the watch in his pocket and strode determinedly through a wide arch that opened on the veranda.

In the cool dimness of the shuttered drawing-room, Alice Allen flipped the pages of a novel. Her husband stamped through the door, his wide shoulders setting the bead curtains swinging.

"It's a bally wash-out," he snapped. "The blighter didn't own up, as you thought he would!"

Alice's rounded blue eyes mirrored her distress. "Oh, Grant! Whatever are we going to do?"

"Nail the thief, of course. This is hell—living with a confounded ghostly kleptomaniac. Everything under lock and key; can't even leave small change on the table without it disappearing. Damn it, Alice, get the police in I say."

"But we simply *can't* do that, dear."

"Why not?"

"Don't be absurd, Grant. And please—don't let's go into all that again. You know perfectly well what happened last time."

Grant Allen had not forgotten. He remembered most of the detail. On that previous occasion, Inspector Suliman Khan of the C.I.D. yanked all the servants off to the *kotwali*. In that police outpost, he put them through a Mohammedan version of the third degree but failed to recover the jewelry or the money: failed to discover the thief. On one excuse or another the servants left and for wretched months the Allens were boycotted. No servant would go near their spacious bungalow. Now, in India, it is impossible to run a house without servants. The Allens practically lived at the Chota Munzul club till up-country domestics gradually drifted in and Alice breathed a sigh of relief.

Again the thefts were starting.

"Well, I certainly made a giddy ass of myself," Allen growled. "Ticking watch, clutching hand, phantom detective. Oh, damn!" Hands thrust deep into trouser pockets, he flung himself on the Chesterfield. An awkward silence settled in the room.

"I suppose we've got to do something," Alice speculated.

"Suppose we see Mahatma Chandra," offered Allen, his eyes fixed in a hypnotic stare on the toe of his shoe.

"Mahatma Chandra?" Alice looked puzzled.

"Very brainy feller, this mahatma. Definitely bulging."

"You don't mean second sight and all that awful rot!"

"We'll see Chandra." Allen hefted himself impatiently out of the Chesterfield. "His *ashram* is about five miles down the Muttra Road."

A moment later she could hear him shouting out his orders to the alarmed servants.

An hour later, drawn by stunted,

PRESENTLY the disciple returned carrying nine slivers of bamboo, each about seven feet long and two inches wide

Illustrations by Hailstone

knock-kneed ponies, creaking *tongas* trundled up to the bungalow. Into these canopied, two-wheeled carriages, the servants were bundled. Jabbering *tonga-wallahs* were instructed to take them to Mahatma Chandra's *ashram*. Haunted by the alternative of Suliman Khan, they went willingly.

Allowing ample time for the ramshackle cavalcade to cover the sweating distance, Allen and his wife followed in a gleaming Morris automobile. When they arrived at Mahatma Chandra's *ashram*, the *tongas* were lined up on the side of the road and, chattering in uneasy groups, the servants squatted in the shade of a wide-spreading banyan tree.

Leaving the car, Allen strode towards a mud-walled, thatched hut that baked in a wide enclosure of parched grass. Alice spoke a comforting word to the weeping ayah before tagging after her husband.

Chandra sat cross-legged on a low platform, in the deep shade of a projecting eave. Head bowed, he appeared to be in profound meditation. Allen pinched a stinging ant from his wrist, mopped the sweat that dripped down his collar and waited. Still trees hung listless in the sultry silence. The drone of a distant bee, the shrill cry of a hawk wheeling in the high blue of hard sky, seemed part of the hushed pattern. Screening the *ashram* from the hot glare of the road, a tangle of dusty bushes grew.

Mahatma Chandra slowly raised his shaven head. The ascetic, mask-like face, smooth brown torso and spotless white dhoti formed a placid background for those penetrating, searching eyes.

"You have been troubled with thieves," he said in a softly cadenced voice. "Also, you have brought the thief with you." Anticipating Alice's quick inquiry, he continued. "You wonder that I know this, mem-sahib? Why else would you bring your servants here?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson," Allen reflected.

"*Bashok*," the master echoed. "Quite so," would be a free translation of the Hindustani. "Leave your servants here, Allen sahib, and return in the morning early. When you leave, take also the ayah with you. She is innocent. In the morning, before the sun clears those palm trees, you shall witness how guilt betrays itself." His sensitive fingers

caressed the sacred thread of Brahma that hung from his neck.

"What's he going to do, Grant?" Alice rapidly whispered. "Not going to make the servants sit on beds of nails or walk through fire or anything like that—good lor'! We'll lose the lot."

"Mahatma jee . . ." Allen began.

"She will be told my purpose, sahib." Chandra must have heard every syllable.

The mysterious man struck a brass gong that swung from a carved teak stand. A young disciple in a saffon-coloured robe appeared, his forehead marked with ash lines of caste. To him orders were given in a low tone. The mahatma then returned to passive meditation, thumbs coiling and uncoiling the white neck-string while Grant Allen moved uncomfortably on his creaking, cane stool and thought about a long, cold drink in the cool of the club.

Presently the disciple returned carrying nine slivers of bamboo, each about seven feet long and two inches wide.

"With these pieces of bamboo to help, the thief shall declare himself," the mahatma said, looking at Alice.

"You are not going to beat my servants, are you?" Alice looked her concern.

"I am a man of peace, mem-sahib." Chandra regarded her benevolently. "You see those small shelters. They will hold your servants this night; a man in each. When the sun sets, I will speak to them and to each shall be given a length of bamboo. In the morning the bamboo sticks will be compared. That of the thief will be longer than the others."

"You surely don't think I still believe in fairy tales, mahatma," Alice protested.

"Perhaps the stick will not actually grow," Chandra smiled, "but a guilty and a superstitious mind will think that it has grown."

"But how will you find the thief?"

"By comparing his bamboo with the standard length."

"But if the bamboo has not grown what difference will that make?" Alice pursued.

"If the thief thinks his bamboo has grown during the night, what will he do?" There was a glint of humour in Chandra's deep-set eyes. Alice looked thoughtful.

"He will break off a piece from the end," Chandra explained. "When the lengths are compared, his will be shorter than the others."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, the pucker fading. "Quite an idea, isn't it." But her smile did nothing to conceal her unbelief.

"We shall see what we shall see." Chandra gravely salaamed, a gentle hint that the interview was at an end.

NEXT morning, in the grey of cool dawn, the Allens cantered through the dust of the Muttra Road and dismounted at the *ashram*. The mahatma, as before, was sitting motionless on the low platform.

"This is going to be terribly thrilling," Alice whispered, her lips close to Grant's ear. "But I still don't believe the bamboo trick will work."

Leisurely Chandra lifted the beater and struck the gong. The same neophyte appeared and, at a sign from Chandra, went to each hut, called each servant's name.

An emaciated man with matted hair, his body smeared with ash, now appeared and held erect the standard length. One by one the servants handed their pieces to be compared. All were exactly the same length.

"I say, Grant, this is awful!" Alice softly giggled.

"For heaven's sake!" her husband growled.

The servants squatted in a semicircle; their impassive brown faces gave no hint of what was passing in their minds. The mahatma turned to Allen. "Did you send the message, sahib?"

"Assuredly."

"You did well."

Chandra rose then from the dais. Into each hut he went, the anxious eyes of the servants intently following every movement.

Quite suddenly Suliman Khan appeared; lips stained red by betelnut, expanded in a smirk. He seemed to have materialized at Allen's elbow.

"Salaam, mem-sahib. Salaam, Allen sahib," he saluted. "Your message I received and am here to take the thief. Where is the man?"

"Oh, hullo, inspector."

Alice's smile showed a gleam of even (*Continued on page* 64)

BEFORE his mistress the servant knelt and extended a trembling hand to touch the tips of her riding boots

Guy Fawkes and his accomplices. Of those shown in this reproduction of a print published soon after the discovery of the plot, Thomas Winter and Guy Fawkes died at the hands of the executioner, and Robert Catesby and Thomas Percy were killed while resisting arrest

Remembering The Fifth Of November

The Story Of The Gunpowder Plot; With Some Observations On The Inevitable Deflation Of Villains With The Passage Of Time

By Wilma Buckley

Guy Fawkes, who was executed for his part in the Gunpowder Plot in 1605. He was a Yorkshireman of good family, and a soldier of exceptional courage

RARELY does the old song reach us now. When an echo of shrill and dismal childish voices, scattered in the November fog whines meaninglessly down the street, all that the ear can discern is a senseless jumble of words, "gunpowder-treason-'n-plot."

The guy itself, a scarecrow of rags and tatters slumped in a wooden box on wheels or a broken-down bassinet, has lost all dignity, all significance: to the urchins in charge, it is merely a time-honoured excuse for begging; to the passer-by, a purse-drainer comparable to flag days, or a dreary reminder that the year is wearing thin.

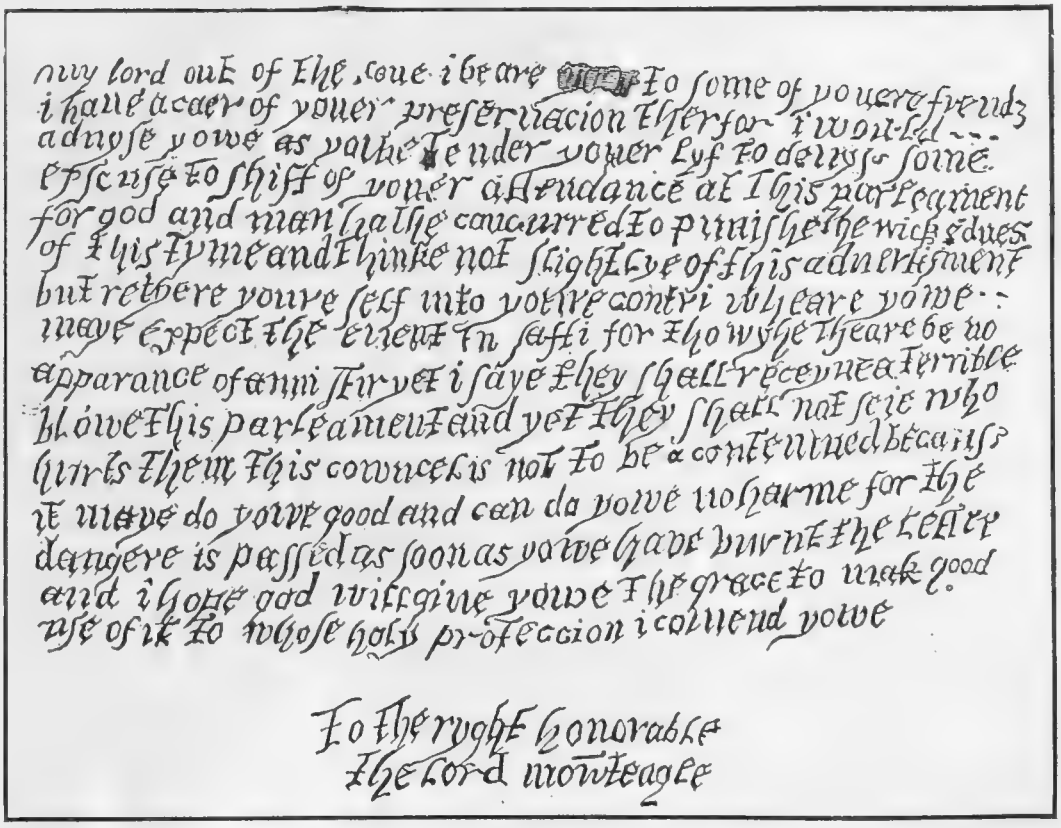
Few remember the fifth of November with any sense of history or of civic outrage; the celebration, indeed (if one can so describe it), begins to make itself felt for many days before the ritual date, with forlorn and straggling bands of small boys on the pavements, begging for money with which to buy fireworks. "A penny for the guy! A penny for the guy!"

But who, but what, is the guy? Its personality is changed with the changing years; transmuted into Hitler during the recent war, the Kaiser during the last one. It was Kruger during the Boer War, and probably Bonaparte in Napoleonic times. The original nightmare figure has shrunk to the dimensions of a manikin who has lost his personality; a ventriloquist's dummy to be named after the chief bogy of each era.

And yet this guy, this effigy of Guy Fawkes, the rhymed doggerel charged with horror, remain with us as lingering vestiges of a drama that shook the country to its foundations, more than three hundred years ago. A catastrophe that never actually happened seems to have captured public imagination to the point of annual recall down the ages, and while other anniversaries, greater or more fateful, are passed over unobserved (save, perhaps, for a letter to *The Times*), the Gunpowder Plot continues to be commemorated, year following year, after its own fashion.

A certain amount of mystery lingers round this un-English story of conspiracy and treason: the anonymous, denouncing letter; the suggestion of an *agent provocateur* savour of sensational episodes revealed in our own time.

The Gunpowder Plot was actually exposed on (*Continued on page* 60)



my lord out of the cowe i beare you To some of youere frends
i have a caer of youer preseruacion therfor i would ...
adwyse yowe as you tender youer lyf to devise some
excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament
for god and man hathe concurred to punishe the wickednes
of this tyme and thinke not slightly of this admertisment
but retyere youre self into youre contri wher yowe ...
maye expect the event in safti for though there be no
apparance of anni stir yet i saye they shall receyve a terrible
blowe this parleament and yet they shall not seie who
hurts them this counceil is not to be contemned becaus
it maye do yowe good and can do yowe no harme for the
daungere is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter
and i hope god will give yowe the grace to make good
use of it to whose holy protection i commend yowe

To the right honorable
the Lord mowteagle

A reproduction of the anonymous letter sent to Lord Monteagle which resulted in the discovery and frustration of the plot

Stormy Night

In Which A Woman Saves A Man From Himself And His Folly

By Day Russell

THE serenity inside the little cottage was sharpened by contrast with the violence of the night storm outside. The ground floor of the cottage had been made into one large room, a combined living-room and studio, and the clean sense of line and easy comfort showed the influence of the girl who sat at a table near a window working quietly but with an exact precision with her woodcut chisel on a block of hard wood.

The pitch blackness of the night outside, the beating of the violent wind against the windows, made the inside of the cottage an oasis of peace. The shaded light under which Airdre Linton worked, the flickering of firelight from the fireplace where driftwood from the beach burned cheerfully, offset the anger blowing from the sea.

Airdre lifted her head to listen to the storm and the silence of the cottage; both were intensified because she was alone and because the cottage itself, at the end of a small cove between two cliffs, was itself lonely—a little too far for much companionship from the artist's colony of the Cornish fishing village two miles away.

Airdre looked out into the blackness of the night. The light from her lamp caught golden lights in the fair hair that framed her young face and curled crisply above the back of her neck. It was a face with quality and character but it was not a happy face.

As if to express the thoughts that disturbed her she set down her chisel with a slight clatter and rose from her stool. She stood for a moment looking round at the room. The wide settee in front of the fire with its bold colourful chintz was inviting—the window seat in the bay window facing the sea had comfort and good proportion, the studio couch against the wall under her own large seascape of bathers in a cove was full of colour and sun; the studio easel, the brush table with colour drawers half-open, the canvases stacked against one wall, the woodcut press, all made a colourful profusion dominated by the sense of order of her own clearcut personality.

Yet at this moment it was as dust and ashes in her mouth. Perhaps she had been wrong to isolate herself; but she had wanted to be alone and away from people. Perhaps she had been wrong to try and keep vivid the brief happiness of a war-time marriage that had ended with a telegram before she had really known whether she had married for love or because of the heightened urgencies of war-time emotion. Perhaps she had been wrong to turn away from the mastery of Roger Warren, the ex-commando officer, who had tried to win her heart and wean her from her private tragedy with a rushed courtship that was alien to her convalescent emotions.

She wandered around her intimate studio—her own creation—she had no need of money, man or companionship, she told herself again. She had enough money of her own; she had her art—that was passion enough for her now; she had no need of companionship beyond the occasional visit to the Arts Club at the village.

She had no need for anything beyond herself, she argued, and yet she knew she was unhappy in some part of herself, and this night of storm had sharpened the knowledge. She straightened her shoulders suddenly as if throwing off her momentary weakness; she turned back to her woodcut bench and selected a chisel. Suddenly above the other noises of the storm outside there was a sharp rapping at a window. She lifted her head. Was she beginning to hear things in her loneliness? Then she heard it again and turned to look at the bay window across the studio. She gasped and her limbs were suddenly weak with that queer fear that only the supernatural can strike. She had seen a face at the window—but the face was deadly white and blood-streaked and it was the face of Roger Warren. She sat paralysed with shock. Was it a ghost of her own disordered mind playing tricks upon her?

As if to answer her question there came an urgent knocking on the door. She jumped up, leaning for a moment frozen

against her work bench. Then the knocking came again, the beating of a hand, not demanding, but seeming to ask for help.

Drawn slowly against her will by the insistence of the knocking she moved to the door, she steeled herself to draw the protecting bolt, then the door flung open, a man stumbled in.

He swayed on his feet as Airdre fought to shut the door against the wind. Pools of sea water dripped at the man's feet as he stood panting and trying to gather his strength.

Airdre stood with her back against the door and one whispered word came from her lips.

"Roger!"

Even as she said it she could feel the flutter of fear melt away before a different beating of the heart as she looked at the tall swaying figure. It was a strong figure, the torso tight under the wet blue jersey, the dripping blue trousers clinging over the narrow thighs until they bulged over the calves as they tucked into short naval sea boots. But the face shocked her. The tight skin over the strong jaw was hollow with strain; the mouth—remembered for its faintly arrogant smile and its impetuous kisses—was tense and thin; the brown eyes under their dark brows were fighting to keep consciousness; but fascinating above them was a smear of blood into which fell dark tumbled hair, the vigour of its wave resisting even the soddening sea water.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

"AND what am I supposed to do?" asked Airdre. "Be an accomplice in something which seems suspiciously illegal?"

He turned to face her, still uncertain of his feet.

"Hullo . . . Airdre. . . ." A faint echo of his smile flickered on his lips.

"What . . . what is wrong?" she whispered.

"Nothing . . . nothing . . . got a crack on the head . . . when the raft split . . . on the rocks. . . ."

"Raft . . . rocks . . . but why. . . . ?"

"Sorry . . . Airdre . . . explain later . . . I'm going to pass out . . . let me lie down . . . just leave me until I come to. . . ."

"I'll get a doctor immediately."

"No . . . don't . . . mustn't. . . ."

"Is it a wreck? Shall I get the coast guard?"

"No . . . please . . . nobody else . . . just me . . . don't tell anyone . . . until . . . until. . . ."

Then as if knowing the end had come to his resistance, he staggered towards the studio couch and fell across it unconscious.

Airdre, forgetting everything else, ran towards him and pulled and tugged to turn him over and lift his legs to the couch. Then quickly she ran for water and a towel to bathe his wound. The cut was the split of a bruise rather than a deep cut, but the blow must have been heavy . . . he must have been thrown by the sea against one of the rounded rocks at the windward end of the bay. As she worked to clean the wound she wondered what he could have been doing on a night like this . . . coming into her bay on a raft through a storm? She hadn't heard from him since their last parting—desperate on her part, violent and angry on his—a short two months ago.

Then suddenly the flurry of action was over and Airdre was standing looking down at the unconscious face of Roger Warren. The peace of her studio flowed back again around her, the stillness of the figure on the couch seemed to belong to that peace, but now the restlessness in her own heart was gone. Whatever the circumstances of his return she could not avoid the knowledge that his very presence meant something profoundly important to her, wild

and sea-soaked as he was. She stared for a while at his face, strong and masterful even in its pale weariness. She had an almost irresistible impulse to drop on her knees beside him and bury her cheek against his. But she fought her impulse. It was only too easy to give way and mix herself up again in a thousand unresolved problems . . . his own as well as hers.

And what were his now? Why was he here? Why had he arrived like this? Why did he not want her to tell the coast guard? Were there others in the same plight? He had said there was nobody else.

Even as she looked at him she knew he was mixed up in some business that attracted the urge in him for taking risks; that satisfied the same pitting of his strength against odds that had served him during the war in the Commandos. She looked at him again, listened to the anger of the storm outside and then on a sudden impulse she wrapped her head with a scarf, flung on her raincoat and let herself out of her studio. The storm caught her clothes and whipped them against her slim figure as she battled down to the beach and the lee of the cliff. It was a wonder how Roger had survived at all, and then as she paused for breath in the lee of the cliff, she saw why. The storm was blowing across the bay leaving the waters of the little inset cove comparatively sheltered. She walked the beach but there was no other sign of wreckage and her mind was bothered with a hundred unanswered questions. She looked for signs of his raft but there were none and she fought back against the wind to the lee of the cliffs under the headland.

This beach in the lovely days before their parting had been background of their courting days. Here was the cave where they had kept their beach picnic things . . . where they still were, although she used them seldom these days because there was little fun in picnicking alone. Her flashlight was in her pocket and she flashed it into the cave . . . and then started with surprise. Pushed hurriedly under one of the slanting ledges was the bedraggled remnant of a rubber raft. It flashed upon her that all this had been premeditated . . . the arrival in her cove, marked with the light of her cottage . . . the cave to hide the raft.

Her flashlight searched every familiar nook of the small cave. Slanting ledges with long clefts ran into the sand. There were her beach kettle and cups on the shelves made from driftwood, and beyond was an unfamiliar trickle of water. Her torch followed it and, pressed deep into a corner, was a small sodden sea-soaked cloth bag no larger than a fist. She pulled it out, opened the wet drawstring and looked inside.

She closed the bag quickly, thrust it in her pocket and walked slowly back to her cottage. She let herself in, fought the door against the wind and then leaned against it, her heart fluttering with its second shock of the night, because, standing with his back to the fire, was another man, a little too well-dressed and suave, smoking a cigar as if the place were his own.

He bowed slightly as she stared at him and smiled. "You will excuse my intrusion, I hope. I lost my way in the storm."

Airdre took off her raincoat and threw it over a chair. "That's not true. People do not lose their way by turning off a wide main road to walk down a lane to this cove."

He bowed slightly ironically this time. "An intelligent girl, if I may say so . . . and, of course, a friend of his." Then he shot one of his sudden questions at her. "Did he . . . did he bring anything with him?"

"Sea water," said Airdre. "Were you expecting anything?" (*Continued on page* 69)

"DAMN you," he muttered. "What do you expect a man to do, be turned down and go and weep in a corner for the love of a self-centred girl martyring herself for an idea"

NOTED WITH INTEREST

November news and views from the Movie World bring flashpoints of current interest for women.

(1) Sylvia Sidney's grey plaid skirt and grey-beige jacket saddle-stitched with wool. From her new picture "The Searching Wind." (2) Cottage-loaf coiffure worn by Andrea King, Warner Brothers starlet, takes a discreetly Geisha touch from the decorative side-combs. (3) Pearly king theme prominent in the British musical "London Town" extends to Kay Kendall's black wool dress in the form of sequin trimming. (4) Dog-collar pearls—reminiscently Edwardian—worn by Eve Arden in the Danny Kaye film "The Kid from Brooklyn." (5) Irene, the Metro-Goldwyn dress designer, among the studio costume jewellery which she regards as an integral feature of women's clothes. (6) Irene again, with her husband, Elliot Gibbons, seen through the window of her Hollywood home.

PEOPLE sometimes ask me if there is not some simple formula by means of which they can impart charm and character to decorative schemes. There is not a really satisfactory answer to this.

No known formula will take the place of inspiration, but one can go a very long way by keeping alert for ideas, by constantly experimenting and never failing to try out some new idea merely because one has not ventured on such a thing before.

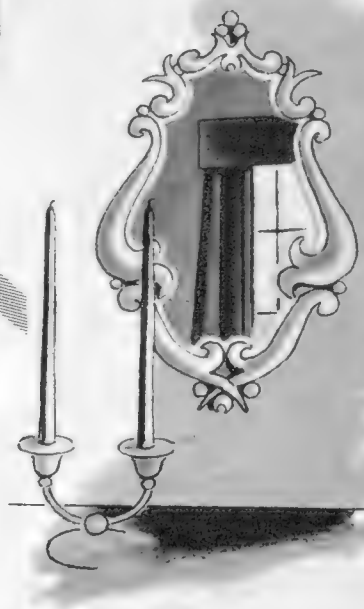
Many of the decorative effects one sees, original and clever as they may seem on first acquaintance, can often be copied and modified without any formidable difficulties to an amateur who is willing to get down to it and take a risk.

Left : Lengths of coloured silk or velvet joined together with strips of ribbon make attractive coverings for small chair-seats. This stripe effect is particularly suitable for a Regency chair. Silk tassels are sewn along the back. **Right :** A brightly-spotted silk square tacked to a chair-back is an arresting colour note.

THE TOUCH THAT

Left : Using odd scraps of coloured material, cut out fans and mount them on to plain curtains with an outline of black buttonhole stitching. Good for covering worn parts or just for tonic effect. The curtain-pole is ivory with painted wooden curtain-rings.

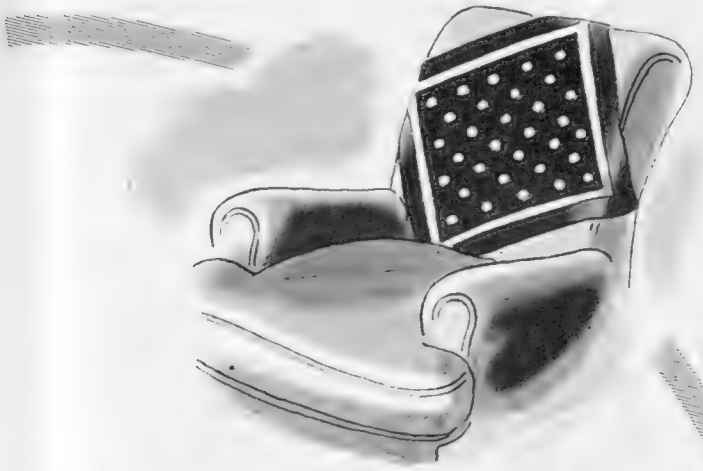
Below : A shabby gilt and over-ornate Baroque mirror-frame comes into line with modern schemes when painted ivory. A light stippling of gilt or silver paint over the white ground is an improvement.



Patience and perseverance are first essentials. Good results take time. When one is painting furniture; grouping ornaments, blending and harmonising colours, working out new effects, the secret of success is care and thoroughness.

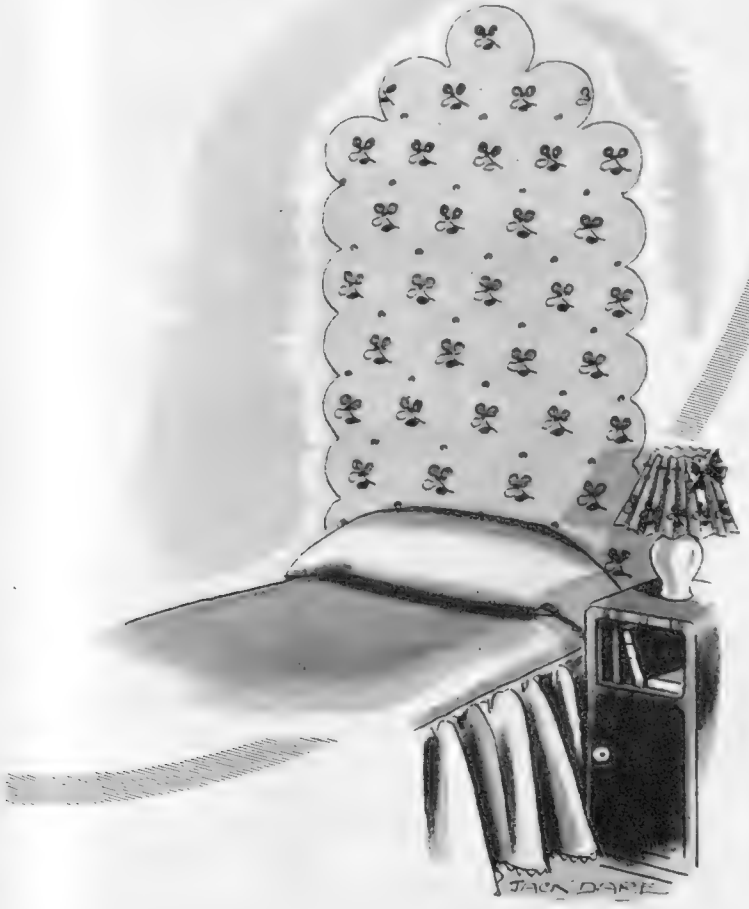
Now, when the only available new furniture is essentially simple in design and fabrics and decorative detail are hard to find, it is the little touch which means so much.

An unusual background colour; an original grouping of familiar objects; a spotlight of interest in an unexpected place—these are the secrets of that special charm with which we all seek to raise our homes above the ordinary.



MEANS SO MUCH

Below : Sprigged wallpaper cut with scalloped edges is pasted on to a plain wall at the back of a divan bed. A straight-edged panel can be substituted for the scalloped one if this is preferred, and a narrow wood beading can be tacked in place around the margin of the paper.



1. A charming mirror made from a decorative black Japanned papier-mâché tray filled with glass and displayed against a delicate wallpaper of turquoise blue.

2. Kitchen-sitting-room beautified with pale canary walls above a dado of duck-egg blue. Checks of mixed colours splash a decorative note on the chairs and table. Designed by Doris Howard Robertson, A.R.I.B.A.

3. An improvised dressing-table-bookshelf in a small bedroom consists of a well-proportioned shelf, a stool and mirror arranged between two built-in clothes cupboards.

4. A utility divan bed acquires dignity from the simple bedhead contrived from painted beaver board.

SOAP-SAVERS

MAKING the soap go round is a matter for very special budgeting these days. In households where there are children the present ration is particularly inadequate without very careful scheming.

Hard water is the villain of the piece where soap-saving is concerned. There are several good substitutes for an automatic water-softener, which is, of course, the best solution of this particular problem. Common soda is a softener, though rather tough on the hands, but borax, which is now fairly easily obtainable again, takes its place effectively, especially for washing delicate clothes and woollies, without injurious effects upon the skin.

Other methods of soap-saving are to make hot, soapy water serve for more than one task whenever possible. Save the washing of socks and stockings, tea-towels and dusters until there is a batch of dishes to be washed. Wash the clothes first and use the same soapy water for the dishes. Rinsing under the hot tap will remove all the traces of dirty water which may cling to the surface.

Prolonged soaking of dirty clothes in cold, softened water before the actual washing operation saves an appreciable amount of soap. If the clothes can be soaked overnight in clean rain-water the greater part of the dirt can be rinsed out in clean water before soaping begins. In these days of soap shortage, a good, covered rain-butt is a worth-while investment.

Matching CAP AND GLOVES

GLOVES.

With No. 12 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work 2 ins. k. 1, p. 1.

Inc. row: Rib 2, * inc. 1 st., rib 4, repeat from * to end (56 sts.). Work 2 ins. main pattern (inc. 1 st., 57 sts.).

DIVIDE STITCHES

Work on the first 29 sts. for the back of hand.

1st row.—Knit blue.
2nd row.—Purl blue.
3rd row.—Knit mauve.
4th row.—Purl white.
5th row.—Purl blue.
6th row.—* 5 m., 1 w. Repeat from *, ending 5 m.
7th row.—4 m., * 3 w., 3 m. Repeat from *, ending 4 m.
8th row.—* 4 m., 1 w., 1 m., 1 w., 4 m., 1 w. Repeat from *, ending 5 m.
9th row.—1 m., * 2 w., 5 m., 2 w., 3 m. Repeat from *, ending 2 w., 2 m.
10th row.—* 1 m., 2 w., 2 m., 1 w., 2 m., 2 w., 1 m., 1 w. Repeat from *, ending 1 m., 2 w., 2 m.
11th row.—As 9th row.
12th row.—As 8th row.
13th row.—As 7th row.
14th row.—As 6th row.
15th row.—Knit blue.

(*Continued on page 72*)

ABBREVIATIONS: K=knit; p.=purl; st.=stitch; sts.=stitches; dec.=decrease; inc.=increase; tog.=together; beg.=beginning.

To Keep Out THE COLD

MATERIALS: 11 ozs. of Emu 3-ply main colour (blue); 1 oz. each of 3-ply white and mauve; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 needles; buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins.; across the back underarms, 17 ins.; across front underarms (with edge), 10 ins.; underarm sleeve seam, 17 ins.

TENSION: For No. 10 needles, 9 sts. to 1 in.

NOTE: W. White; M. Mauve; B. Blue. All Fair Isle pattern is worked in stocking stitch. (One row knit, one row purl.)

CARDIGAN.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles, cast on 120 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Change to the following pattern.

1st row.—Knit.
2nd row.—Purl.
Repeat 1st and 2nd row once.
5th row.—K. 1 * (D.S.K.). (Drop stitch down 4 rows, place on right-hand needle into next loop (5th row down), and let the loops down and knit tog. as 1 st.) K. 3. Repeat from * to end.
6th row.—Purl.
Repeat 1st and 2nd rows twice more.
11th row.—* K. 3 (D.S.K.). Repeat from *, ending k. 1.
12th row.—As 6th row. These 12 rows form pattern.

Work 2 patterns (24 rows), then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 108 sts. Work 1 in. on these 108 sts., then (*Continued on page 70*)

TO TEAM WITH FURS

Soft, lightweight tweed and wool dresses, warm and yet elegant, feature prominently in the winter Collections. Most are draped at the hipline or gathered into front fullness springing from a nipped-in waistline, all are perfect for wearing under the fur coats to which most of us will be wedded for the next few months.

(Right) Afternoon dress of soft wool in the new tea-green with an overskirt effect caught into drapery at one side. Silhouette de Luxe.

(Left) Soft black wool dress with flat horizontal pleats around the hipline. This dress has its own top-coat of Chinese yellow with black lapels and cuffs. W. and O. Marcus.

(Above) Perfectly tailored soft herringbone tweed in grey-beige and brown with a slim torso line flaring into skirt fullness. Frederick Starke. **(Right)** Brown and beige herringbone wool "nightshirt" line belted into front fullness with raglan elbow-length sleeves. Dorville.

Is Your Dining-Room

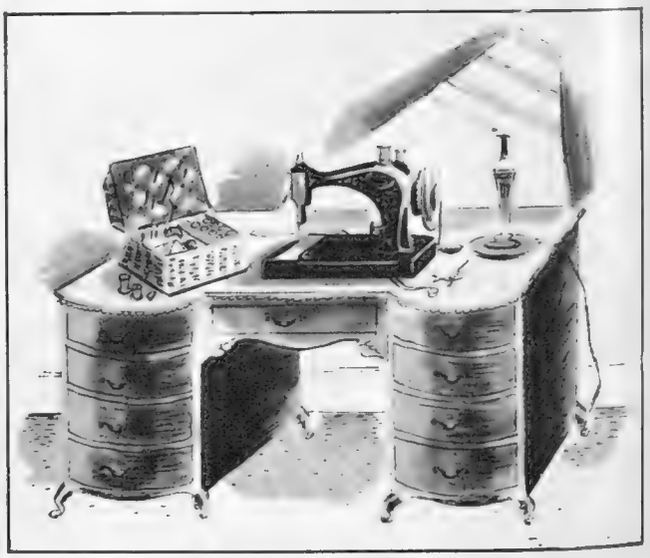
By Winifred Lewis

THERE always have been and always will be people who fight against any form of change. But the war has done this much at least: it has taken some of the fight out of the most changeless of us in relation to matters of the home.

Turning the lounge into a dormitory and sleeping in the cupboard under the stairs made short shrift of conventions about home lay-out, and in a way, this is not a bad thing.

At least it has given us a new slant on things, and concentrated attention on the good features of our homes as opposed to the bad.

To take a case in point, the dining-room which still exists in many households as a separate and self-contained apartment is a pretty useless affair. Since the food question and the domestic help situation make entertaining on a formal scale about as easy as something thought up by Mr. Einstein, one can only call the separate dining-room a passenger in most homes of the smaller-family size. Adding up the waste of vital living-space and including the expenditure in money and energy used in cleaning and maintaining



Give yourself a well-organised corner of the dining-room as a basis of operation where your sewing sessions can be conducted in comfort.

1. A formal dining-room in colourings of pink and bottle green—a delight to the eye but, in these times of limited entertaining, an unjustifiable waste of living-space.
2. A dining-room corner fitted up with a desk and good lighting makes a secluded retreat for family letter-writing or study.
3. A corner in which the children can do their home-work in peace away from distracting interventions.
4. A seat built into a convenient recess with a suitable table leaves the greater part of the dining-room free for other uses.
5. This attractive setting, designed by Doris Howard Robertson, shows the ideal practical union of sitting-room and dining-room.

a room of such slender practical resources, the answer is almost certainly on the debit side.

This being so, what can be wrong with making a few commonsense adjustments and thereby changing this good-for-nothing passenger of a room into one that will give real, round-the-clock service?

One would naturally be guided by personal needs and preferences, not to say available furnishings, in planning the new-style room. It would be ideal if one could go to work in earnest with some suitable structural changes, but as this kind of operation is impossible we must content ourselves with re-arrangements, and some lease-lend furniture from other parts of the house.

As a housewife you have probably wished you had some secluded and well-organised corner of the house to use as a base of operations for sewing. Well, why not, as it were, fence in a bit of the dining-room. Fix up your own private corner with a sewing machine, a good light and all the near-to-hand paraphernalia which makes a sewing session efficient and pleasant.

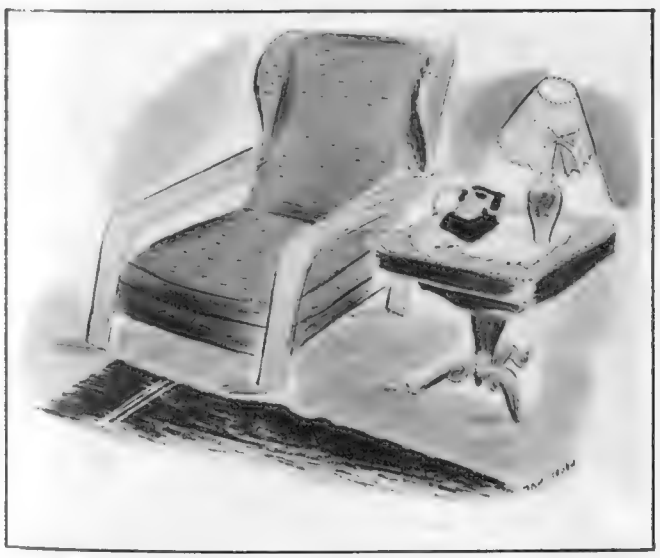
Then, what about a corner for the children to do their homework in peace and comfort away from distracting family interventions? A table, a lamp and some book-shelves will fix this.

Father, too, can have his space in this all-purpose dining-room, with his own desk and a bit of coveted isolation in which to fill in his income-tax forms, or—as you suspect—in reality, to study the seed catalogues.

Do this thing handsomely and put the telephone in the dining-room, with an easy chair beside it and a lamp so that people can converse with their friends in private and in comfort.

Here is a room for many uses, a place where the family can work, play and entertain in private, if they wish, and still the room retains its original purpose as a dining-room when occasion demands.

A Passenger?



Why not give the family seclusion and comfort in the dining-room for their private telephoning? A table, an easy chair and a lamp will do it.

4

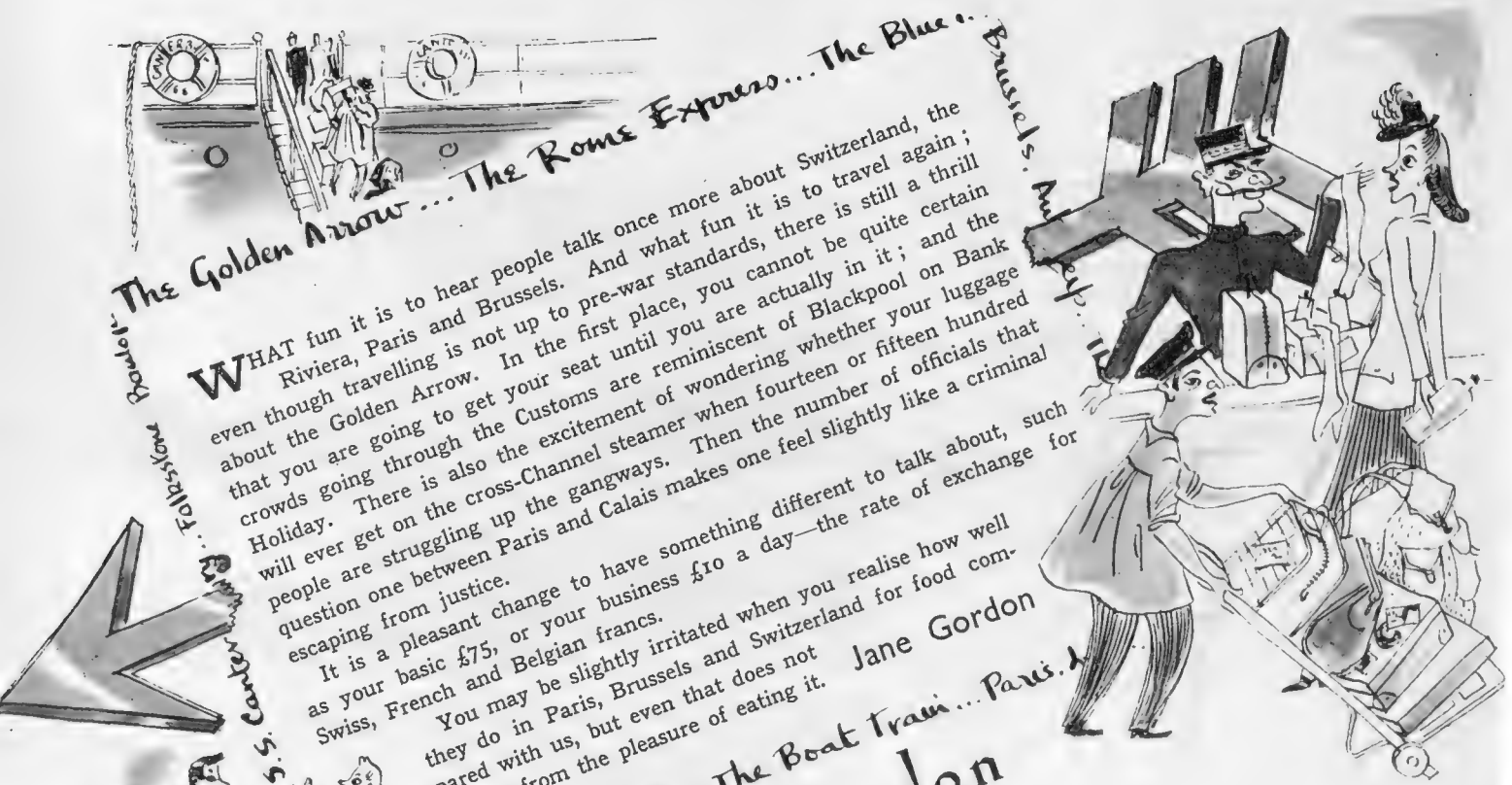
5

Hot News

Central heating for the really small home becomes a practical possibility with the production of a new solid-fuel boiler which was exhibited for the first time at the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition.

This is a gravity feed boiler which will provide central heating by means of radiators or a heat exchanger—which can be installed in the hall—and which supplies warm air throughout the house. It also supplies domestic hot water.

The boiler has an electrical thermostatic control, and has the special advantage that it need only be re-fuelled once in twenty-four hours.



WHAT fun it is to hear people talk once more about Switzerland, the Riviera, Paris and Brussels. And what fun it is to travel again; even though travelling is not up to pre-war standards, there is still a thrill about the Golden Arrow. In the first place, you cannot be quite certain that you are going to get your seat until you are actually in it; and the crowds going through the Customs are reminiscent of Blackpool on Bank Holiday. There is also the excitement of wondering whether your luggage will ever get on the cross-Channel steamer when fourteen or fifteen hundred people are struggling up the gangways. Then the number of officials that question one between Paris and Calais makes one feel slightly like a criminal escaping from justice.

It is a pleasant change to have something different to talk about, such as your basic £75, or your business £10 a day—the rate of exchange for Swiss, French and Belgian francs.

You may be slightly irritated when you realise how well they do in Paris, Brussels and Switzerland for food compared with us, but even that does not detract from the pleasure of eating it.

Jane Gordon

Paris—London

IF you are becoming fashion-minded once more, your thoughts are bound to turn to Paris, and when a saleswoman says to you, "This is a model by Lelong, Lanvin, Patou, Balenciaga or Schiaparelli," your eyes will light up with interest. We have had to do without Paris fashions for several years, and we have done remarkably well without them considering our limited resources. When we get the materials to work with again we will do even better. It does, however, seem just plain silly to down-cry Paris fashions altogether. No country can compete with our tweeds and tailor-mades, and it smacks a little of sour grapes to down-cry French clothes merely because we cannot afford to buy them.

Each season the new fashions play up a different part of a woman's figure. Sometimes it is her shoulders; sometimes her legs; sometimes her hips. This winter, it is the waist which is accentuated.

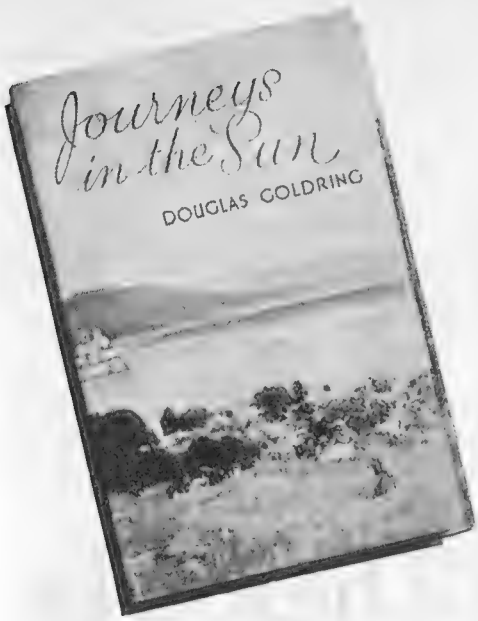
In fact, to wear clothes successfully now, women will have to acquire a real wasp-like figure.

In almost every Paris dress show the mannequins look as if they had taken a deep breath, drawn in their waists and let their hips go. Shoulders are no longer padded out square; but rounded or sloping. All sleeve fullness is at the top of the arm, but set in well below the shoulder and fits snugly around the forearm. Dresses are draped softly over the bust, but fit like a glove over the diaphragm. Waists are nipped in—pulled and drawn in mercilessly to accentuate the hips. Schiaparelli has gone so far as to put a sting into the tail of the new wasp-like silhouette by introducing a small, but perfectly formed bustle which is seen on suits, coats, dresses and evening gowns.

Skirt lengths vary in different dress houses. Molyneux skirts remain short, in fact knee length, for suits and day dresses. His evening dresses are either ankle length or else they sweep the ground.

Lelong's skirts are about four inches below the knee for daytime. His short evening dresses are calf length, and the full evening dresses just off the ground.

In some of the other collections, the day clothes are mid-calf length. The three most outstanding collections have been Lelong, Balenciaga and Schiaparelli. Lelong's short evening dresses are the most original and give a strange impression of being far more daring than the bare-shouldered full-length evening gowns that are shown in almost every collection. One of Lelong's short evening dresses has a black finely pleated chiffon skirt, topped by a pink satin shirt, cut low at the back. Another called "Blue Moon" has a deep décolleté and an uneven hem line. A third is of black chiffon, delicately draped over a shell-pink under-dress. There is a charming full-length evening gown of deep (*Continued on p. 66*)



Golden Days Remembered

OLIVE GROVES, palms, cork trees, vineyards, oleanders, white-walled towns and the blue Mediterranean . . . what a memory they are after the six grey years! "Of all the countries I have lived or travelled in, after my own preposterous and adorable native land," writes Mr. Douglas Goldring, "the one I love best and the one that has taught me most, is France." He has gone back to accounts of earlier wanderings in France, Italy and the Balearic Islands and incorporated them in **"Journeys in the Sun"** (Macdonald & Co., 10s. 6d.), with photographs that radiate light and warmth and romance.

He is a good guide when he can forget things, people and politics he dislikes. He has an eye for character in natives and visitors as well as places, a mind for spirit and history behind superficial "sights." Since it is November, draw the curtains, stoke the fire (if any), nestle into the easiest chair, and let us away to that legendary land of the cover design—Sir E. A. Waterlow's *Côte d'Azur*—where goatherds idle by blossoming almond tree and along the bay are mountains and sunny-walled town with red roofs. . . . Was it once *real*?

Books:

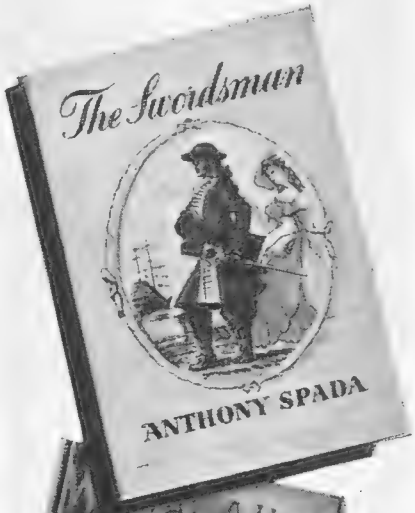
Reviewed by Trevor Allen

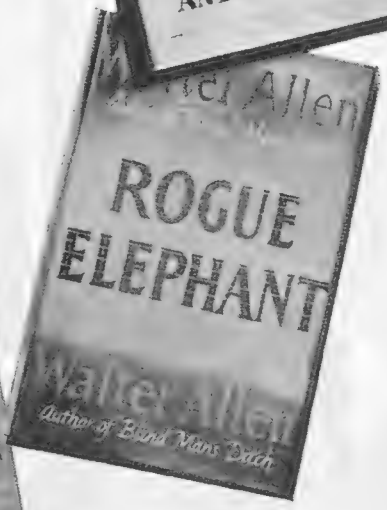
A STRANGE thing about war is that nightmare should so quickly fade into dream. Talk of it to-day, even among the blitz gaps, and you will find yourself saying: "Already it seems far away, long ago—in another world."

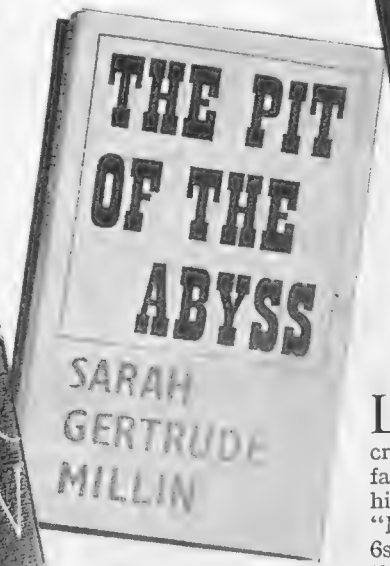
That is the impression produced by Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin's **"The Pit of the Abyss"** (Faber, 16s.), in which, with prodigious industry, she diarizes world events of the ordeal year from September, 1941, including Pearl Harbour and the Japanese push, Rommel's North Africa advance and Tobruk's fall, the German drive along the Russian front to Stalingrad. How all this, and the fighting speeches of Churchill and Roosevelt, impinged on the mind of an exceptional woman watching from afar she communicates in a record of historic value.

SOLDIERS' guns were about the only ones in the solitudes of sportsman and naturalist during that fateful year, but the wild life went on. We are reminded of its peaceful haunts in **"British Game"** (Collins, 16s.), by Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, editor of *The Field*, who writes, from personal observation, of game birds, wild-fowl, waders, ground game, deer and other homeland creatures, touching on problems like the drumming of snipe, the dwindling of wild duck. An admirable book for country houses with gun-rooms, illustrated with photogravure and colour paintings by famous artists.

"I LOOK on the cinema as a pulpit, use it as a propagandist," said Mr. John Grierson, master of documentaries, creator of *Drifters*. How earnestly he takes his work—and his mission—is apparent in **"Grierson on Documentary"** (Collins, 16s.), a survey of his writings on the subject edited by Mr. Forsyth Hardy, whose critical appreciation of *Drifters* began an association which has continued since 1930. Students of the film as an art and not merely as a Bikini for blonde bombshells will find plenty of serious thought here, and not only of the kind that sprouts from precious masculine names. . . .







LUCKY the man, these days, who can analyse critically a handful of favourite poems and get his musings published. In **"Milk of Paradise"** (Faber, 6s.), Mr. Forrest Reid takes the view that "personal appeal in poetry is everything," and parades some preferences with wisdom and charm.

HARRIET is a poet in Miss Rumer Godden's gentle, sensitive little story of girlhood and youth, **"The River"** (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.). "Half of Harriet wanted to stay as a child; half wanted to be grown-up," but had I been Harriet playing with brother and sister by a Bengal river, with wounded Captain John for wise friend, I think all of me would have wanted to stay. This is an exquisite vignette which will enchant all women who were once long-legged girls wild with dreams.

ANOTHER eager child, though definitely bossy as only U.S. youngsters can be, is Mr. Booth Tarkington's **"Kate Fennigate"** (Hammond, 9s. 6d.), who at twelve actually drives up to papa's club, where he is playing bridge, and orders him home! Her bossiness, as she grows into wife and mother, impels her to help those she loves, especially the husband she saved from the clutches of the self-centred Laila. At the end he says she made a "systematic" man of him and calls her Guardian Angel, one of the "compassionate good women, creation's loveliest work." Most women readers who identify themselves with Kate will feel likewise, so this expert family chronicle of 400 human-interest pages should sweep the libraries and bookstalls and help to turn bossiness into bounty. . . . (*Continued on page 72*)

But *Were* They The

"THE curious odour one notices, not altogether pleasant" wrote a well-known editor, "is, perhaps, a vast improvement over the one which permeates the Horse Show." And then, via Piccadilly Circus, in a hansom cab—its jogging, swaying shadow grotesquely silhouetted by flickering gas-lamps—from an early, private exhibition of motor cars, he went home to St. John's Wood. London's streets, he told a friend, were "stinking of this confounded smell of petrol." But it was just another fad. It "couldn't possibly last!"

On the morrow, which was Sunday, fortified with porridge, a little fish, eggs-and-bacon, marmalade and toast, this same eminent member of the *literati* surveyed at ease the rest of the world through the columns of selected newspapers; solid sheets, they were, with chunks of solid type for equally solid citizens. And the world, no doubt, looked pretty grim. Maybe it appeared a trifle rosier after dinner, as he yawned in front of the drawing-room fire . . . until the muffin-man swinging around the corner of the road, with his bell, his tray and its green baize cover, re-awakened him to stark realities. . . .

The "Good Old Days." Those days of gas-lit streets, of horse-carriages which fought a hard but losing battle with the "new-fangled vehicles." Days of the smell of naphtha-lamps on roadside stalls, and of oranges. With not a cinema the entire length of a principal thoroughfare . . . but roughshod variety on one and thick-ear melodrama on the other side of the pavements. And whisky at three and six a bottle!

Antimacassars and smoking-caps; the somnolent comfort of well-fed gentlemen whose main interest in life seemed to be the clipping of dividend vouchers. And, of course, Dickens. . . .

Out in the country, away from the "select residential" areas, dripping hedges and gaunt trees on draughty autumn afternoons lined the deserted lanes in a land of Must-Not and Do-Not. Lanes which often led to churches, old and venerable structures which might have been kept beautiful, but which had plaster-coated walls and high, white-painted pews with sham-mahogany hand-rails; some of those pews were still provided with red curtains suspended from brass rods to keep the "common" people from gazing upon the "Quality."

And they sang hymns which expressed the utter despair of the sinner or the doubtful joy of the Believer; doubtful because one was constantly warned not to be *over*-confident, and because the parson insisted on hammering home the ice-cold fact that few could ever hope to attain the assurance of the Elect. Surprising, then, that so many would-be worshippers decided to make the best of it, to enjoy what meagre little the Present could offer, and to skip this business of trying to save their souls against such terrific odds? They almost believed that, if they *were* to be "saved" it would be by some process of personal elimination by election. Certainly not by merit!

The "Good Old Days." *Those days when poverty of the very poor was a hideous thing.* When Britain's slumland still faced another forty-odd years of disintegration of brick and degeneration of humanity before both were nearly wiped out from the air by means of "that monstrously idiotic thing" the "flying-machine" which, so our Government informed the Wright brothers seven years later: "Expert advisers have been consulted with regard to your suggestion as to the employment of aeroplanes, and we regret to inform you that a decision has been reached that they would be of no practical use to the British fighting Services."

That was in 1907. Perilously near the heyday of those "Good Old Days." And only seven years removed from 1914. . . .

So the years uneasily slipped past; yet a goodly number of folk still sighed a sigh of regret at the death-knell of the

Decoration by Jack Matthew

"Good Old Days"?

A New Generation Has Taken New Bearings, And It Has A Pretty Shrewd Idea Where It Is Going

By Warren Armstrong

gas-jet. Still tried to re-fortify themselves to face the dim future with too much roast beef, too much Yorkshire pudding, too much cabbage and potatoes, and apple-pie and cheese. For this new Future would be a place where people would slowly but surely cease to point a finger of pity—*and condemnation*—at slumland poverty—which was the root reason for most social evils.

Thus passed the Old England, for that matter the old, tired world of spite, greed, selfishness, rage and hate. A world that was simmering and throwing up an unpleasant froth. And leaving the good stock deep down below. A world that steadily and with deadly manner approached the gathering clouds, the closing of ranks, the national call: "War and Peace with Honour!" And, about this time, a little Welshman was being execrated for a carefully evolved policy of increasing income-tax to 1s. 3d. in the pound on incomes of more than a thousand. . . .

Another war was to follow that first world conflict; the Great Peace. And its still greater Depression. The war of attrition. And elderly wiseacres shook their heads the more dismally and sighed again for the "Good Old Days" which now had passed beyond recall. Government white papers and blue books in formal officialese mentioned: ". . . instances . . . of men . . . out of employment for long periods being unable to stand the strain of work."

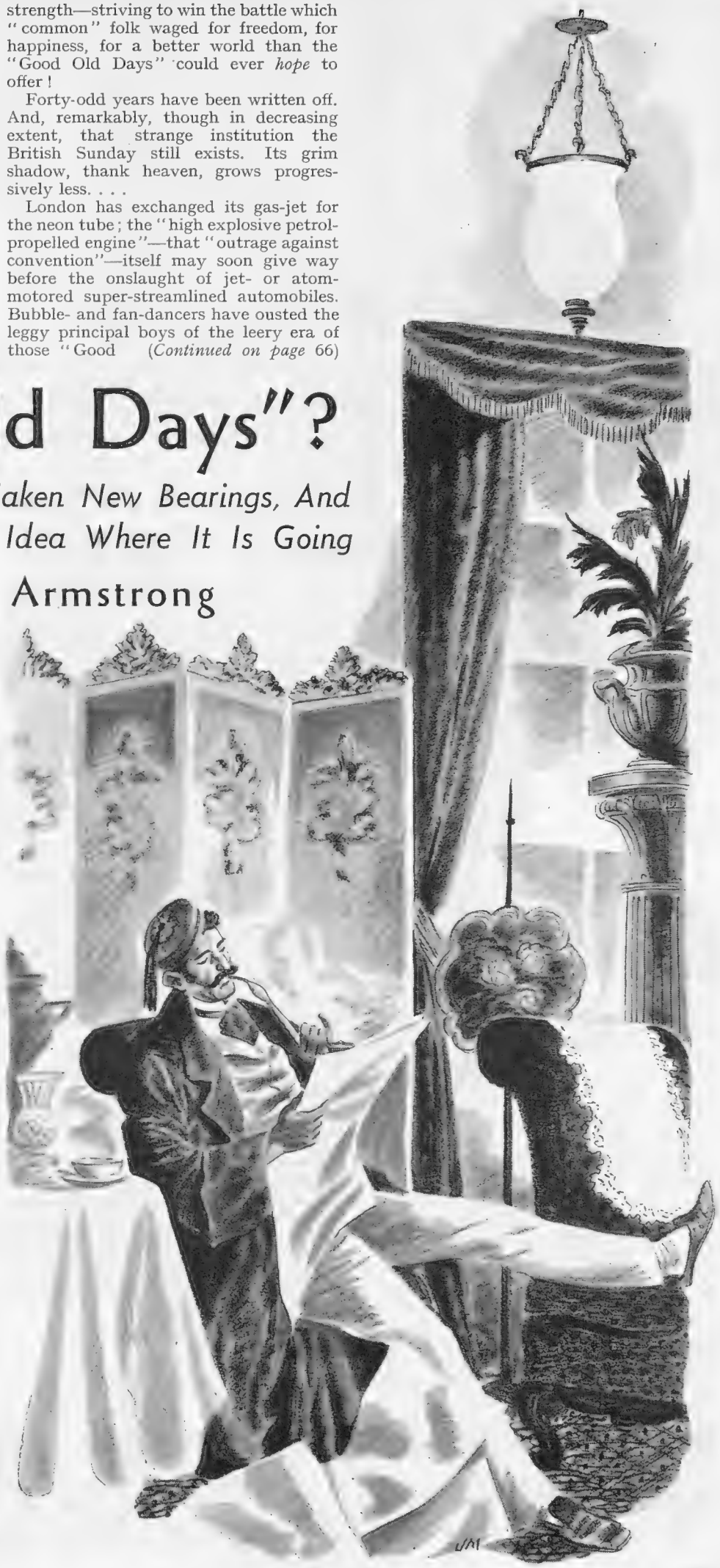
So our chemists and inventors claimed that, after all, human beings, created to serve an infinite variety of purposes were, in fact, rather badly designed for commercial efficiency at specialized, though absurdly simple, jobs. It seemed, according to these experts, that we hardly used fifteen per cent of ourselves in the work of earning a living. The mechanized robots arrived—and, said the wiseacres—threatened to bind, rope and hobble a supposedly "Free" people. Among other things, meanwhile, on the Continent religion was banned; it became fashionable to forbid . . . in Britain enterprise looked like taking the count!

TIME and Memories—memories of those "Good Old Days"?—were still the chief possessions of a decreasing army of greybeards; they still sighed sighs of regret at the passing of those gas-jets. . . .

The hard years had slipped past. But still harder years lay ahead. Years when weapons which resembled those of the first world conflict as a musket resembles a Sten gun . . . weapons which now were scientifically balanced, and streamlined, and of vast destructive power, went into production as the threat of war once again overshadowed the sunshine in men's lives. And the Old Gang clung on tenaciously and fought—with diminishing strength—striving to win the battle which "common" folk waged for freedom, for happiness, for a better world than the "Good Old Days" could ever *hope* to offer!

Forty-odd years have been written off. And, remarkably, though in decreasing extent, that strange institution the British Sunday still exists. Its grim shadow, thank heaven, grows progressively less. . . .

London has exchanged its gas-jet for the neon tube; the "high explosive petrol-propelled engine"—that "outrage against convention"—itself may soon give way before the onslaught of jet- or atom-motored super-streamlined automobiles. Bubble- and fan-dancers have ousted the leggy principal boys of the leery era of those "Good (*Continued on page* 66)



Manufacturers Promise A Really Important Acceleration Of Silk Stocking Production, An Acceptable Piece Of News, Which Once Again Puts

Legs On Show

STOCKING news is good and although there is still some doubt of your being able to embellish your legs with the coveted nylons for a while, you will at least be able to think about making your legs look attractive since, if promises are fulfilled, you will have a much better selection of silk stockings by winter time.

Whether coupon values are to be lowered or not, it is wise to wear stockings during the cold weather, if possible.

Some women have the idea that legs exposed to the weathers become tanned and weathered, and so they dispense with stockings even during the winter. The result is that there are more unsightly legs to-day than ever before.

A condition of the legs called *Erythrocyanosis crurum* was seldom found in the days when stockings were less sheer and skirts long and protecting to the legs. This complaint gives the back of the legs a purplish red appearance from the ankles upwards, and there is a definite thickening of the legs in this area. Sometimes it is painful, and very mottled in appearance. The pain can be removed, and the purplish-blue changed into a mere red flush by ultra-violet light baths, but these will not reduce the thickening, nor remove the redness. It is believed that this blemish is due solely to the effect of exposure on the legs.

If your legs are inclined to be goosey, purplish and red on the lower-back portions, wear stockings from the beginning of the cold weather onwards. For protective purposes, the more serviceable heavyweight stockings will suit you far better than the sheer varieties—if you can get them !

Another winter leg disfigurement is called *Livedo reticularis*, that is, marbled skin. This complaint is peculiar to legs in which the arterial blood is delivered to the skin in a certain way. When heat is applied to the legs (such as putting them continually close to the fire) a heavy deposit of melanin forms in the basal layer of the bluish skin. This makes the network turn from blue to dark brown and is a disfigurement which is very difficult to remedy. Only by keeping the legs well away from direct heat-rays can you eventually remove these blemishes which, alas, will show through even the purest silk stockings, and certainly through the nylons which you may hope for later.

If you have blemishes to hide on your legs a dark tan tone and heavy silk is the best choice for winter. On the other hand avoid any deep, bright tones which attract attention. Legs which are not perfect in shape and appearance should be clad in stockings which are as subdued in tone as possible.

Thin legs should confine themselves to neutral stocking shades but in a lighter tone than the fatter leg needs.

Shoes are important in the general appearance of the legs. A thin leg looks brittle if it carries a heavy sports shoe of the super brogue type, but it can wear a juvenile type of sports shoe excellently, one that is finely stitched and not unduly weighty in appearance.

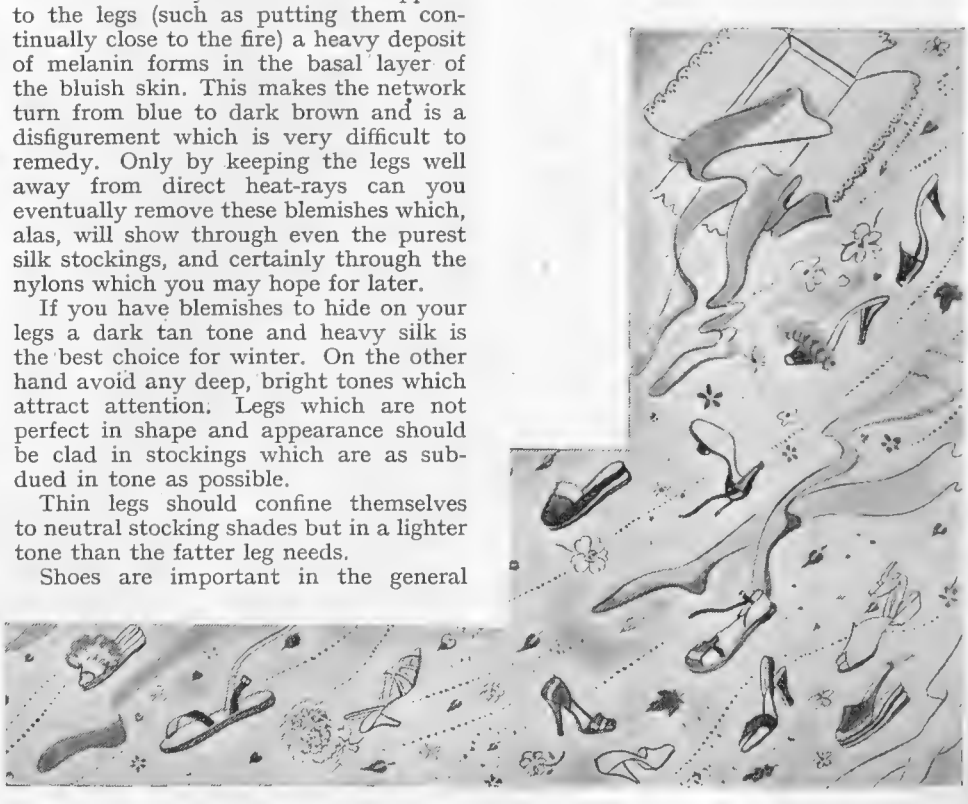
Fat legs with thin ankles can wear flat-heeled shoes to advantage, or low wedges; whereas, the same legs perched on high heels look as though they will topple and break.

Fat legs with fat ankles always look better when wearing fairly high heels which give a slenderizing line to the ankle. Even in sports shoes, thick ankles should choose a medium heel rather than a very flat one. Not only will high heels improve the appearance of the ankle but the action of walking on semi-tip-toe will help to slim the ankle slightly.

When wearing high heels, guard against two dangers, forward pressure of the big toe on a short shoe, causing bunions or an enlarged big-toe joint, and bad deportment. If you cannot hold yourself easily and well when wearing high heels, then take to lower ones. Deportment is the key to a youthful feeling and a youthful appearance.

Now, having clad the legs and shod the feet with careful wisdom, make certain that legs are gracefully poised whether you are walking, standing or sitting.

Legs have been the cinderellas of the last few years. It is time they had a little more glamour and attention.



Health And Beauty By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

November Fogs And Frosty Days Are For Many People The Beginning Of

Circulation Troubles

THE body's circulation is its life. Because the heart pumps the blood through the body it has been acknowledged as the most vital organ in the human body, but it is the flow of the blood to the furthermost parts of the body which is important. Once the circulation stops tissues die.

The oxygen content of your blood is very important; that is why deep breathing is healthful. In winter there is a rather natural rebellion against breathing deeply when you are in the fresh air, which is far colder than indoor temperatures. The intake of freezing air cools the body, the exhaling lets a little of the body's heat escape as the air has been warmed whilst in the lungs. Yet your body needs the oxygen. The best plan to keep the body as fit as possible during the bitter months is to have half an hour's brisk exercise in the fresh air once a day. Excessive exertion is unwise; but brisk walking, or any exercise which warms you but only slightly increases your intake of breath is healthful. In addition to supplying nourishment and oxygen, and removing toxins, the blood is the body's central heating system. When fingers and toes become numb and cold it is always a sign that normal circulation has failed.

Defective circulation can be caused by old age, illness, by internal pressure (such as constipation, pregnancy, or by external pressure such as garters, overtight girdles, prolonged standing, tight-fitting shoes or gloves. It can also be due to lack of tone in the arteries or walls of the veins.

Heat, massage, exercise, are circulation stimulants. In normal weather a cold application is a circulation stimulant, too, as the blood races to the spot to counteract the chilling touch.

Exercises are one of the most effective ways of stimulating the circulation. Half an hour's exercise will warm the body far more effectively than half an hour sitting by the fire.

Our reactions are supposed to be instinctive and therefore wise but in winter when you get out of bed in the morning (and the circulation is still at its slower sleeping pace) you do not feel like doing your daily dozen by the open window. The usual reaction is to rush into your dressing-gown and, from then on, curl up like a ball in an endeavour to present as little as possible of the body to the chilling touch of the atmosphere. If, instead, you made it a regular habit to do five minutes' exercise you would feel warmer, freer in movement and altogether happier and healthier.

If you cannot entertain the thoughts of exercises, make it a rule never to start on a stationary job unless you have first given the circulation a pep up by a few minutes of active movement. If you are in an office and feel chilled, disappear for a few minutes into a nook of privacy and skip and wave your arms and slap your legs. Nothing is quite so cold-provoking as feeling cold and remaining cold. Exercise can remedy this.

If you are a housewife, and must sit sewing for a few hours, break it up with a job of sweeping or polishing in order to prevent the body from getting chilled.

Keep as active as you can this winter, you will keep your circulation stimulated, your tissues supplied with a lavish ration of oxygen, and you will look and feel healthier than ever before.

If you are older and cannot take exercise perhaps you can massage your limbs and extremities. And you can surely exercise your feet and fingers, even if you cannot go jumping and skipping.

Look to the circulation to keep the body warm.

A few exercises in the early part of the day are one of the finest stimulants to circulation which is inclined to sluggishness

If you are subject to chilblains start the winter with a course of calcium lactate tablets, and wear warm socks and gloves from the beginning of the cold weather.

Anything that interferes with the circulation should be shunned, therefore woollen stockings worn in shoes that usually fit over thin stockings may make added pressure on the feet and hinder free circulation. Tight gloves are just as bad. Heels suffer because in many cases shoes press hard against that surface and keep the blood from circulating freely.

Anything which increases the circulation—such as exercises, massage, or alternate hot and cold plunges—is helpful as a preventative.

Once the chilblain has made its appearance it is essential to draw the blood to the site by some artificial means, application of heat, friction, or alternate hot and cold plunges—(have the two basins side by side and repeatedly submerge the affected part in one basin after the other until the feet are glowing).

Keep the chilblain from breaking if possible because broken chilblains are very easily infected. If the skin surface threatens to break, cover it with lint after dabbing on calamine lotion.

A College Training Is Now Available For Women Who Plan To Own Their Own

Sweet Business

"I COULD call it The Candy-Box and have it painted pink and green and white in candy stripes. Alternatively, I could have a shop facing the village green, or a slick setting in the town's main street. The customers will range from the freckled-nosed kind asking for 'a penn'orth o' bull's-eyes' to husbands choosing a be-ribboned peace offering, or old ladies looking for mints and butterscotch."

This is the dream of many girls coming out of the Forces, wanting to be their own bosses in a business that is not too difficult to start, and the future of which depends to a great extent on their own initiative. But the boom in the confectionery trade awaiting the post-rationing period is no idle dream; thanks to years of rationing, everyone will be eating more sweets in the years to come.

PERHAPS that is why the Confectionery Management Course which has started for women at Beeches College, Bourneville, is proving so popular. Started for men last year, it has now been extended to women.

There is very real promise in owning your own business when the initial outlay is moderate, and the stock reasonably non-perishable. Moreover, this is not a season-swayed trade. But there are essential details of management to study, and that is where this training course comes in.

In a large, airy room overlooking a lovely garden the girls and women who are taking this course learn all there is to be known about running a confectionery business.

There is a model sweet shop in which they can practise the various types of window dressing and shop display. There is a cash register on which they can practise checking up sales. There is the large Cadbury's factory over which they are taken to give them inside information and knowledge. A band of qualified instructors deal with the more complicated details of Income Tax, Book-keeping, Rationing, Business Calculations, Weights and Measures, Legal Aspects of Business, Shop Hygiene and Cleanliness, Business Correspondence, Ingredients of the goods you sell—to mention just a few of the subjects of the lectures.

In case you plan expansion, lectures are also given on Ice Cream, Tobacco and Cigarettes.

Not only ex-Service girls are taking this course, in some cases it is ex-Servicemen's wives who want to be active partners with their husbands in a shopkeeping venture.

The course is open to all, and lasts for two weeks. An enrolment fee of £3 3s. is charged, otherwise all tuition, board and full lodging in this delightful country house, is provided without further charge.

1. Beeches College. A country-house setting for the training course which Messrs. Cadbury have opened to women who plan to own a confectionery business of their own
2. The College Warden in her private office where students meet her for consultation about their two weeks' residence in this pleasantly appointed house
3. Lectures throughout the day are taken in this sunny and spacious room at Beeches College
4. The students' dining-room, which accommodates about fifty people, overlooks the pleasant garden of the college

Cameo Come-Back

WITH one of her sudden unpredictable turns of temperament Fashion has brought back the cameo on a wave of popularity. For months past women have been sorting over family treasure chests and hunting in likely holes and corners for specimens of these delicate ornaments which, for the last half century, have seen so little light.

Cameos large and small and cameos of varying character and worth have been resuscitated. Prices have risen, inevitably with the growing demand, yet few of their new owners know enough of the history and workmanship of the cameos to assess their intrinsic worth.

Way back, even as far as Greek and Roman times, men were carving figures out of shell and, in fact, of any material which, by its nature, lent itself to the art of carving in relief. Cameos in onyx and sardonyx, as well as in shell, are abundant in the National and private collections of the country. These, by reason of their antiquity and aesthetic merit, rank as art treasures, but in later times, particularly from the sixteenth century and onwards, so much of this work was produced both in France and Italy that their valuation can only be assessed to-day on the merits of individual workmanship.

A cameo is valued in the same way as a piece of sculpture. The power and symmetry of the artists' work is the only criterion.

Unusual subjects give an added interest, of course, to individual pieces. Heads in profile are the most commonplace, but in those instances where the carving is an identifiable portrait the value of the piece is considerably enhanced.

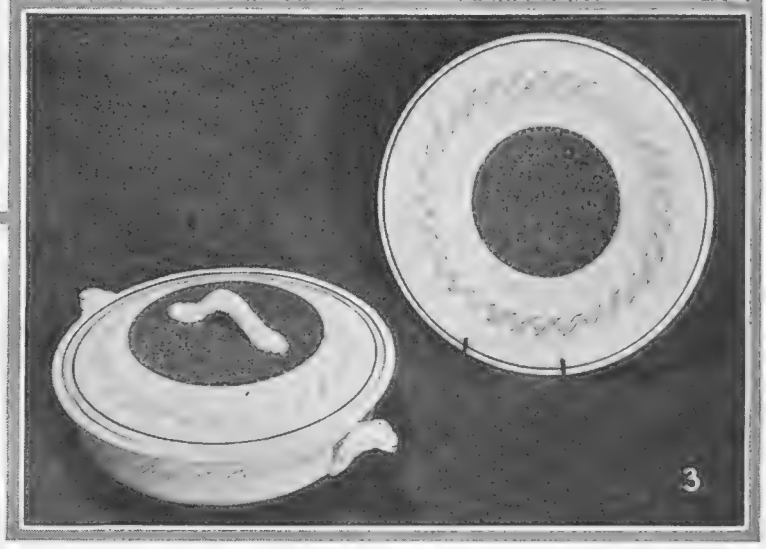
In the sixteenth century it was fashionable for the ladies of quality to wear portrait heads of their favourite servants. As many of the servants of this time were slaves, the origin and approximate date of a cameo showing a negroid head (of which there are quite a number) is fairly accurately revealed.

Much later, the family portrait frequently made its appearance in cameo form. Many of these are distinguishable as portraits though the exact identity of the subject has been lost.

At present values a cameo may be worth anything from ten pounds to five hundred. The lower figure represents any one of the more commonplace subjects of recent production; delicate and pretty as ornaments, but of little outstanding merit as works of art. The higher figure stands for the exquisitely wrought productions of those earlier times when it is known, that some of the great sculpture of the greatest age of art tossed off a cameo here and there for good measure.

Italy is still the main centre of the cameo industry and fine carving is still coming from there, but when you buy a cameo take care that you choose a piece of genuine carving and not one of the imitations for which unscrupulous dealers are asking prices as high as for the real article.

The examples reproduced on this page were loaned by Cameo Corner



1. *An example of fine English glass, an engraved beaker designed by a student of the Royal College of Arts*

2. *Decorated china to delight our eyes in the very near future. A tea-set in celadon green with gilt edging*

3. *Post-war designs for china have been selected by a panel of experts. A dinner-service in cream and pink*

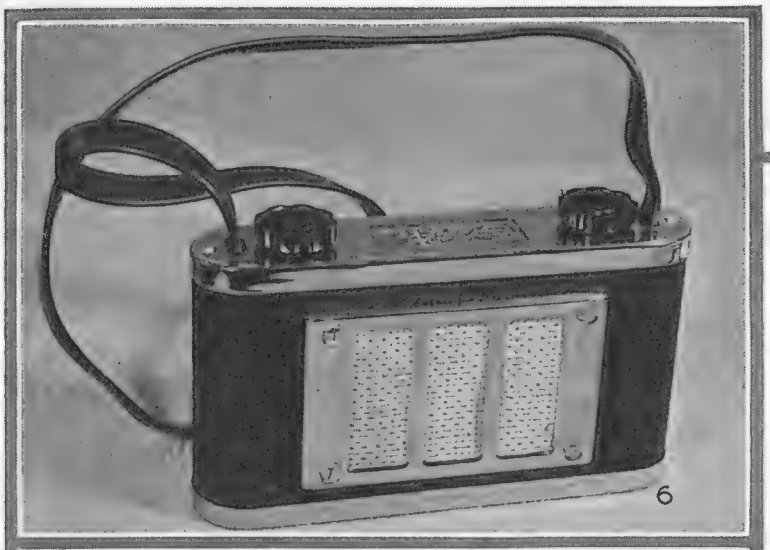
4. *A novel and very practical salad and condiment set as a complete unit in coloured glass and walnut*

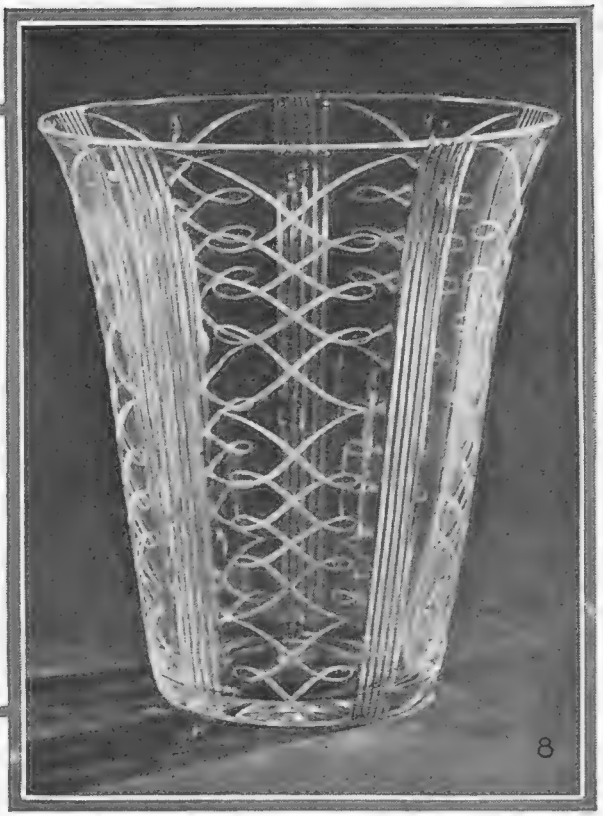
5. *Nursery fabrics, promised for release at an early date, are typified by this Noah's Ark design*

Britain Has

THE exhibition which has been running at the Victoria and Albert Museum is a sheer delight to women as a promissory note of the beauty and variety of domestic equipment and decoration to come. At the same time it is existing proof that during the long weary years of waiting, tangible and practical experiment has been going on with the object of improving our merchandise to such an extent that it can compare favourably with anything of the same kind from abroad.

In this sense, Britain has certainly made it and though some of the merchandise shown is still not freely available, women will be heartened by the fact that at least two-thirds of it is now released for home





6. *"Music While You Walk," miniature wireless receiving sets no larger than a handbag, adapted from receiving sets used by allied underground agents during the war*

7. *Solution of the housing problem for dogs. A pen of mild steel, draught-proof and coloured, with a feeding tray fitted with removable dishes*

8. *Crystal glass vase with an engraved scroll design*

9. *One of the fine printed linen designs now reserved for export but promised soon for home markets*

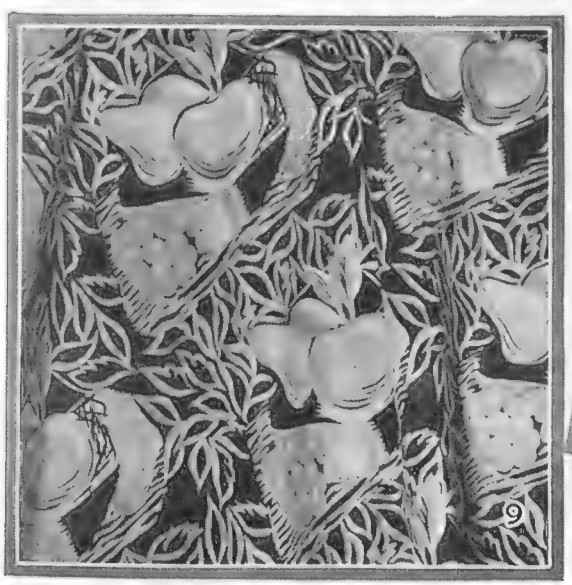
10. *Toys in plenty and in great variety figure in the Exhibition. A Noah's Ark community in brilliant colours*

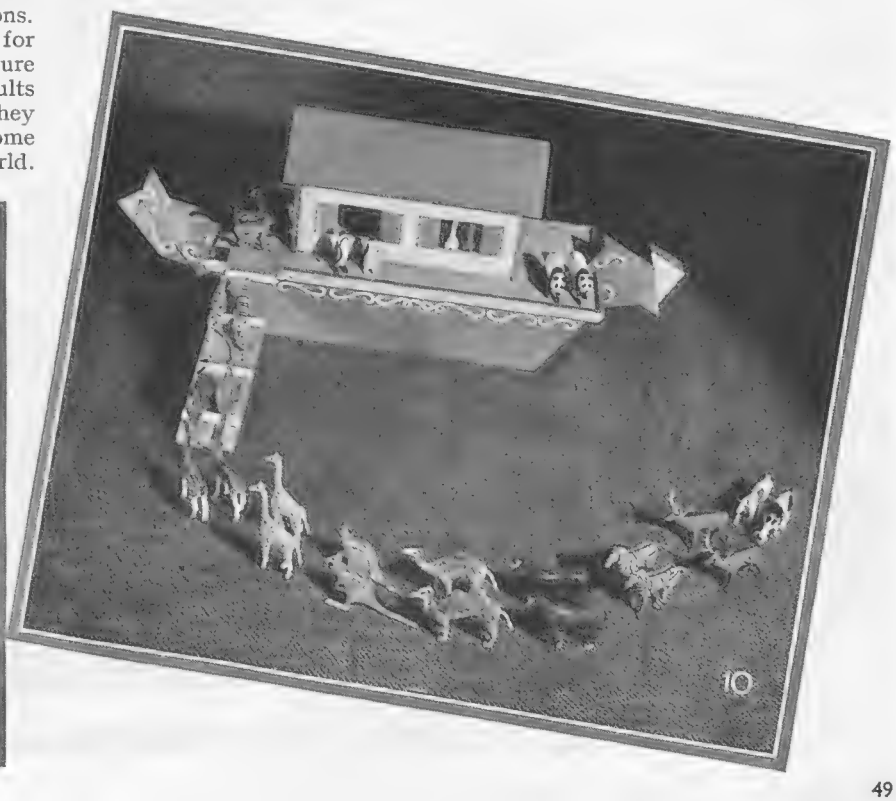
Made It

consumption and the remainder is promised for the very near future.

Impatient as we may be to have these things in plenty, and to have them soon, the Exhibition has proved that the waiting has not been in vain.

This country has suffered too long under the stigma which implies a lack of imagination in British design and production. There has been some truth in these accusations. Certainly the price of beautiful and decorative things for the home was often too high, but the great drive to cure this weakness in our industrial policy has shown results and British women are approaching the day when they can buy in their own markets, at their own prices, some of the most attractive merchandise in the world.





Big Results from small Joints

BEFORE the war housewives and cooks who took the trouble to make food go as far as possible were often labelled "mean," but economy differs from stinginess and one may take pride in it. These last years have taught us all the meaning of the word economy, if not financially, certainly gastronomically. If it is not so much that a £1 note has to do the work of two, it is certain that the pound of meat (so eagerly awaited) is too quickly gone. Here then, are a few helpful suggestions, some tricks (and I don't mean on the butcher) which may help to make the meat ration seem larger.

For a start (I am writing for a family of four) use three rations only for the joint and take the fourth in stewing beef or some other equally cheap cut. Whenever possible choose your meat personally, selecting pieces without bone and, unless you are very short of fat, with as little of the latter as possible. Remember, too, that beef is the most and pork the least economical of meats. Finally, don't forget the piece of corned beef which forms part of the week's ration and which can be stretched to make two adequate meals.

By judicious carving meat should be left in tidy forms so that it can be served again in good slices or any fancy shapes; but here I must add that even scraps of meat, cold cooked vegetables, pieces and even crusts of bread, odd spoonfuls of sauces, in fact most remnants of food which were good and well cooked to start with, can be cleverly transformed by skill and ingenuity so that, instead of waste, there is economy.

For instance: if you normally roast your joint for 40 minutes, leave it in the oven for just over half that time and then carve (if it is beef) thin slices from both the top and the bottom, or, in the case of mutton, carve at a flatter angle than is correct so that when you re-roast the remainder you have no overcooked meat. If it is a case of re-heating in a saucepan, meat must never be allowed to reach boiling point and should not be cooked for too long or it will get flavourless.

BEEF IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

Cold roast beef cut into thin slices, spread with seasoning (mustard, pepper, salt and mixed spices) and neatly rolled may be made into good "beef olives," but for this dish to be a success, its richly coloured and highly flavoured brown sauce should be prepared and thickened and allowed to cool before the rolls are put into it to gradually warm up.

So much for the joint, from which you should invariably get two good meals; and now for the fourth ration—say stewing beef. The first thing to remember is that it is tough and needs boiling for quite a long time, but it is a fact, not perhaps generally realized, that when stewed for 4 to 6 hours the shin and leg of beef are equal in flavour and nourishment to the best steak.

Having thus rendered your meat tender, serve it either as a stew with plenty of vegetables and in a really thick brown sauce, or as a curry with pearl barley instead of the unobtainable rice. Again, after draining it from the liquor, which should be used as a soup, flour the whole piece and brown it in the oven.

Now for the last two meat meals of the week—those of corned beef. Start by cutting the ration in half. Then try the following recipes:

SAVOURY MOULDS

Mix the meat with two-thirds its quantity of creamed macaroni; fill small individual moulds, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown under the grill.

AMERICAN SALAD

Using equal quantities of corned beef and mashed potatoes, roll into small balls, sprinkle with paprika and arrange on a bed of russian salad spread on lettuce leaves. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Chocolate and Cocoa

CHOCOLATE CUPS

Bring to the boil 1 cupful of milk with 2 oz. of margarine and 4 oz. of crustless stale bread. When well mixed and like a paste, remove from the fire and stir in 3 reconstituted eggs, 2 oz. of sugar and 3 oz. of sweetened chocolate powder (or 2 oz. of cocoa and sugar to taste). Fill individual moulds with the mixture and stand them in a roasting tin with boiling water. Leave, with a lid on, for 1 hour in a hot oven.

SOFT CARAMELS

Mix 1 cupful of tepid water with 4 tablespoonfuls of household milk. Strain it into a saucepan and bring it to the boil with 1 cupful of sugar, 1 of sifted cocoa, and 1 tablespoonful of golden syrup (heaped). Let it boil, while stirring, until, when tested, it sets like toffee. Turn out on a greased dish and cut into squares when cool.

NIGGER CAKES

Reconstitute 1 egg with 1 cupful of milk. Stir in 2 oz. of flour, 4 oz. of sugar and 2 oz. of cocoa. Pour the mixture into a shallow, greased baking tin and bake for 20 minutes in a hot oven. When

cold cover with cocoa icing and cut into squares or fingers.

COCOA ICING

Put 2 tablespoonfuls of golden syrup into a bowl and stir with a wooden spoon for 3 to 4 minutes. Then add 2 tablespoonfuls of cocoa and stir for another 4 minutes. Spread quickly on the cake with the help of a knife dipped in hot water. Keep the cake in a cold place before serving.

By Harriet Muir

FIG FLAN

Dried Fruit Dishes

FIG FLAN

Soak 4 oz. of dried figs overnight, then cut them into halves and mix them with a custard made with two reconstituted eggs, 1 gill of milk, 1 teaspoonful of flour, sugar and flavouring to taste.

Line a flan case with the following pastry : rub 2 oz. of margarine in 4 oz. of flour. Mix in 1 oz. of sugar, half a reconstituted egg and a pinch of salt. Knead well and roll out.

Fill with the figs and custard and bake in a hot oven until brown. If a white of egg can be spared whip it stiffly with 2 oz. of sugar and spread it over the baked flan. Leave in a medium oven for another 15 to 20 minutes.

Can be eaten hot or cold.

TWO OUNCE PUDDING

Mix well 2 oz. of suet with 2 oz. of breadcrumbs. Add 2 oz. of sugar, 2 oz. of currants, 2 oz. of minced apple rings and 2 oz. of sultanas. Beat in 2 reconstituted eggs, 1 teaspoonful of mixed spices and 1 gill of milk. Tie in a clean cloth and boil for 1½ hours.

CHRISTMAS FILLING

Wash well an equal quantity of dates and figs. Pass them through the mincer and blend with enough golden syrup to make a sticky mass. This makes an excellent substitute for mincemeat.

MIXED ROLL

Roll out a pastry made with 4 oz. of flour, 1 oz. of margarine and a little milk. Spread over it the following mixture.

Melt 1 oz. of margarine, stir in 2 oz. of flour and add 1 tin of sweetened condensed milk. Bring to the boil while stirring. Add almond essence to taste and 4 oz. of mixed dried chopped fruit.

Roll the pastry and bake on a greased tin in a hot oven until golden brown.

DATE PUDDING

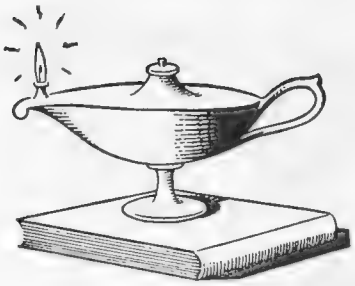
Cream 2 oz. of margarine with 2 oz. of sugar. Add 3 reconstituted eggs, one at a time, and beat well, then mix in 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, 2 oz. of flour, 8 oz. of chopped dates and enough milk to have a stiff batter. Steam in a greased mould for 2½ hours. Turn out and serve with custard sauce.

APRICOT MOULD

Soak ½ lb. of dried apricots overnight then boil them for 10 minutes in a little golden syrup. Prepare some semolina by pouring ½ a cupful of semolina in 2 cupfuls of boiling milk. Stir while boiling, for 10 minutes. Sweeten to taste and beat well with a fork, then fill a wetted mould with layers of apricots and layers of semolina, keeping the juice of the apricots to serve separately. Turn out when cold.

CHRISTMAS FILLING

TWO OUNCE PUDDING



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A New Orange Jelly

¾ pt. water; 3 level tablespoons marmalade; 2 level tablespoons powdered gelatine. Bring water to boil, add marmalade and stir until dissolved. Pour mixture on to gelatine and stir until gelatine has dissolved. Turn into wetted mould. Leave till cold and set before turning out.

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PRESERVING your PANS

NEW pots and pans are appearing in fairly good supply again. Most homes will be stocking up again on depleted ones, but this rehabilitation of the kitchen is a costly business. It pays to buy the best. There can be no argument about this either on a short or a long term view, therefore the new pots and pans must be treated with respect and cosseted along so as to make the rather heavy initial outlay worth while.

IT will be wise, in some cases, to reorganize your storage system for saucepans. Keep them on a rack, or neatly ranged on an accessible shelf so that collisions and collapses are minimized. The occasional bangs that a dropped saucepan sustains are the source of many cracks, especially with enamel-ware.

SCRAPING food from the surface of enamel and metal pans is a daily chore which should be done discreetly. A stiff brush is better than most wire abrasives for the first part of this operation. This removes the food without damaging the surface. Let the pan soak until washing up time. Asbestos mats over the burners are a sound measure to prevent scorching and enable two saucepans to be used over one jet.

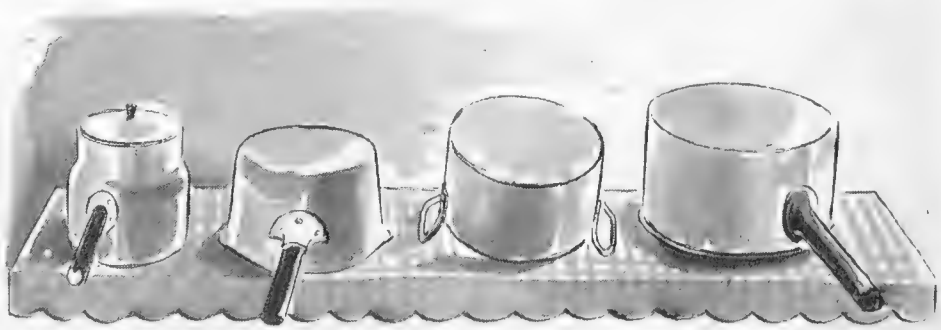
USE a little less haste in cooking, and employ moderate temperatures as often as possible. The results, so far as the food is concerned, are good, often better than with rapid cooking, and the effect upon saucepans is incalculable. When the highest heat is called for, turn down the gas or electricity again immediately the required temperature is reached.

IF you have an accident and boil a saucepan dry, let it cool before dashing cold water into it. Sharp variations of temperature are very hard on metal and enamel surfaces.

YOU don't *have* to whack the edges of the saucepan with the cooking spoon. If you've noticed, most of those chips around the edge of enamel pans are due to this.

A GOOD polish on aluminium saucepans is a sign of careful treatment, but be cautious about using harsh abrasives and caustic cleaners. Keep a piece of wire wool in a small container holding soapy water with a few drops of ammonia. Keep this on the shelf over the sink and leave the wire wool in it always.

IT is important to dry saucepans very thoroughly before putting them away. Corroding rust will finally creep through even enamel surfaces unless this is done. Tin and iron utensils should, of course, be thoroughly dried before storing and then lightly rubbed over with a little fat before they are put away.



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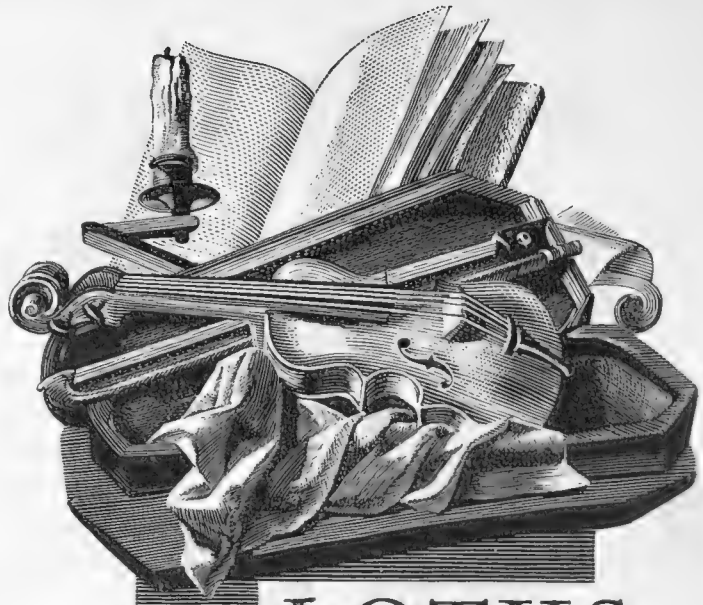

LOTUS

look forward to the day (which we hope may be not far distant) when finer shoes for festive occasions may be once again permitted to us

From the Chilprufe Album

This is DAPHNE

Daphne, nearing five, has a grown-up sister who last term brought home some 'botany specimens.' So Daphne, ever helpful, may be seen most days dredging the stream in the big meadow for fresh exhibits. Farmer frequently remarks that it's a wonder she "doesn't catch her death."

But Daphne is hardy—and Daphne has worn Chilprufe from birth. It was the pearl-white loveliness of this beautifully made underwear that first caught mother's eye. It is the unfailing protection of its finest Pure Wool that won her unswerving allegiance.

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Farewell Millionaires (*Continued from page 13*)

and Liptons, of speed-record Lord Wakefield, the first Lord Rothermere and many others, have gone like a dream.

Who, then, are the modern millionaires of Britain? There are, of course, the world-famous "knowns," like Rank and Nuffield. Seventy next year, Nuffield is still supreme among the self-mades as the former Willy Morris who visualized his first cars in a cycle-shed, and has given away £5,000,000 in philanthropy. Despite £1,250,000 donated to Oxford University not long ago and £2,125,000 turned over to his employees, his present holdings in his firm are still estimated at £20,000,000.

Then there are the dwindling possessors of inherited feudal wealth, the Norfolks and Sutherlands, the Butes and the Grosvenors. The Marquis of Bute is not unrepresentative, with his two castles and four town-houses and shooting estates. Reputedly worth £60,000,000, the wealth surrounding him has the Haroun Al-Raschid tang.

The majority of British millionaires of the present generation court no headlines. Characteristically shy and retiring by habit, they are rarely ballyhooed . . . and practically unknown.

The name of Mr. Henry Oxley, for instance, does not appear in *Who's Who* although—golfer, gardener, fisherman—he inherited a million from his father, a retired banker who died at the somewhat tiresome age of ninety-four. His near neighbour in Leeds, Mr. Charles Brotherton, has cleared millions from chemicals but likes nothing better than to toddle his baby daughter round the streets, his bad legs permitting.

From Sir William Collins, the salt magnate, to John and Robert Taylor, the multi-millionaire flour-millers—and Rank's rivals—these unknowns undeniably make tame reading. At the same time, there is Mr. Norbert Erleigh, self-made and barely forty, who contends that the streets of London are paved with gold if you don't stay in them. Six years out of college, he saw the expanding industrial potentials of South Africa. With a capital of only £1,000, he formed a company to tender for a Government lease of land on the Witwatersrand. He gained the lease—2,000 acres of grazing ground. This land was leased out to miners in turn and to-day Erleigh controls companies with a market value of £6,000,000.

The rise of Mr. Alan Paul Good illustrates in the same way that the old royal road to millions hasn't been blocked. Beginning as a young lawyer, his first deals were with one or two property concerns. Now he holds directorships in twenty-three companies, ranging from pre-fabs to cars and aircraft.

Then there is Mr. J. Ivan Spens, who launched out as a chartered accountant, moved into the eddying circles of the late Philip Hill, and has the strings of a well-organized industrial empire at his finger-tips. There is Sir Simon Marks, the British Woolworth, whose chain of stores with its 20,000 employees and £3,950,000 capital began with a market stall. There is forty-three years old Jack Billmeir, who has the distinction of having netted the greater part of his fortune in less than two years. . . .

When the Spanish Civil War began, he owned a couple of cargo ships. He began running supplies to the Republicans, despite prohibitive insurance charges and had soon increased his fleet to twenty-two vessels. Some of these had cost £170,000 apiece. Then he began running supplies to China. Profitable? Mr. Billmeir was once a shipbroker's clerk.

Yet perhaps something should be said about Mrs. Van der Elst, that newsworthy woman who demonstrates against capital punishment, wears on her hand a £50,000 ruby, one of the world's finest, and gives constant attention to the shaving creams, tooth-pastes and cosmetics from which her wealth is derived. Like Dorothy Paget, the turf-minded heiress of the Whitney millions, she has fun with her money.

And many of Britain's remaining million-pound fortunes are owned by women. Lady Yule inherited £9,000,000 from her husband, runs a film studio and addresses farmers' meetings. Add to the picturesque list Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, who inherited the Woolavington wealth.

But my original purpose in writing this study was not to parade the personalities but to stress the equalizing process in to-day's redistribution of wealth. The Ministry of Labour recently analysed the earnings of 6,250,000 people. Results show that the average earner now draws £5 13s. a week, a sixty-four per cent increase since 1938. His son, however, average norm of the younger generation, gets seventy-two per cent more.

These increases handsomely offset the rise in the cost of living and other factors. Soak the rich, spelled backwards, has meant a real betterment in the standard of average living. So the millionaires fade, regretted by few, while we ourselves learn a few hard facts about money.

END

Nine Must Die (*Continued from page 12*)

they were killed outside of France, before he murdered Voland.

"But even accepting the killings as being prompted by personal desire for vengeance did not reconcile the wide difference in the three victims' stations in life—a lawyer, a labourer, a criminal. Yet, I felt convinced that at some time—most likely in their youth—the killer and his victims had associated with one another on more or less equal terms. I asked myself: 'What is the greatest levelling force of all—where men from all stations in life meet on equal terms?' The army, of course.

"I at once commenced to follow that up, and learned that in his youth, Voland served in the army at Sidi bel Abbes in Africa. I requested full investigation and learned this:

"Voland was a lieutenant. One of the men in his platoon was a private named Jean Pegoud. Pegoud's life was ruined by a selfish and diabolical plot conceived by Voland, assisted by eight others. When you hear the details of this plot you will feel no sympathy for Pegoud's victims.

"Whilst serving in Africa, Pegoud legally married—as is permitted by regulations—a beautiful young Eurasian girl. Voland saw the girl, desired her for himself, and arranged to have Pegoud arrested and charged with the murder of an Arab sheikh. Actually, our army secret service men never did find out for sure who killed the Arab, but, having private means, Voland bribed no less than eight men of his platoon to bear false witness against Pegoud. The chief witness was a Sergeant Moreau who swore that he saw Pegoud sneaking away from the sheikh's abode on the night the Arab was murdered. In consequence, Pegoud was convicted and sentenced to serve ten years in a convict battalion. You all know what that means—a living death; far worse than being shot.

"But Pegoud never served his sentence. That very night he contrived to escape—perhaps aided by sympathetic comrades—taking his young wife with him. All the next day they hid in an abandoned blockhouse.

"Of course, an intensive search was started at once but, likely knowing where he was hiding, none of the hunters went near the blockhouse excepting Sergeant Moreau and another man who had also borne false witness against Pegoud. Despite the fact they were armed and he was not, Pegoud fought with them. During the bitter fight Pegoud was badly slashed by their swords, losing two fingers from his right hand and his thumb from his left. Yet, and it is all here in detail"—Chief Hebert touched the papers on his desk—"Pegoud managed to overpower Moreau and the other soldier. He then tied them up hand and foot and wreaked upon them a terrible revenge. (*Continued on page 56*)

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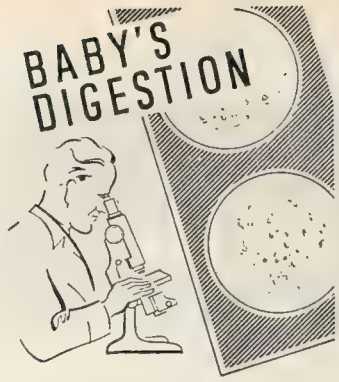

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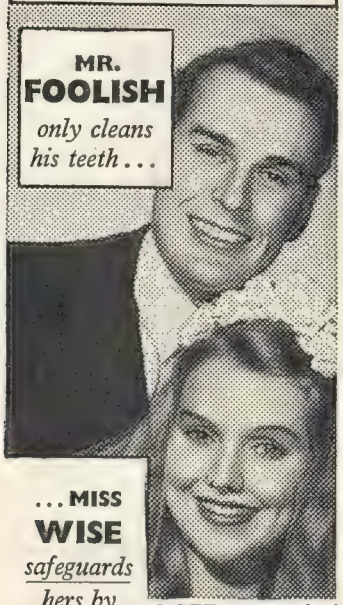

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Instead of killing his two captives with their own swords, Pegoud and his wife gathered together more than a score of black scorpions—the most deadly in Africa—and threw them on their prisoners! When the agonized screams of the two men were at last heard and brought others to the scene, both were still conscious but dying in frightful pain. But, before he died, Moreau managed to gasp out what had taken place.

"Eventually, Pegoud and his wife were traced. Pegoud had turned Moslem, and he and his wife were living with a tribe of Touaregs. That meant that the whole tribe would fight to prevent French troops from taking Pegoud prisoner, and, since the policy of our government is to remain on peaceful terms with the natives, the matter was allowed to rest.

"And now according to army secret service men, some months ago Pegoud's wife died and it was believed that he had returned to France. Obviously, he is now here in Paris, most likely living under an assumed name. Further, as all this took place some thirty years ago, Pegoud and the ones who wronged him would now be in their fifties." Chief Hebert paused, ended, significantly: "So it all fits in, for the three victims were in their fifties."

"The other four men who bore false witness against Pegoud, are they still living, sir?" Rousseau asked.

"Yes." Chief Hebert consulted a report on his desk. "But only one of them is living in Paris. We traced this man, whose name is Henri Laval, and learned that through the mail he has already received a snapshot of himself, with a pinprick through the heart, and a nine of spades with this time six of the pips changed to look like skulls and cross-bones and number six on the back. But, as we have kept all news of these cards from being published, Laval, thinking it the work of some practical joker, paid no attention to the warning. However"—Chief Hebert smiled grimly—"when we told him of their real significance he almost collapsed and pleaded for police protection.

"Laval operates a small shop and two of our men are now stationed there to act as bodyguards. Also, Laval has been warned not to move outside his shop until Pegoud has been captured. I am sure that he will heed that warning."

"Voila!" Detective Levallois exclaimed. "But Pegoud is both very thorough and very sure of himself, eh?"

"And why not?" Chief Hebert asked. "He has a means of killing his victims that leaves us no clue to go on. But I did find out that in his youth Pegoud was a very clever mechanic. The labourer and the convict were both seen to enter a taxi just before being found dead. And, although nobody actually saw it being done, it is fairly obvious that all three bodies were dropped to the roadway from a car. Combining those points suggests this:

"Being a clever mechanic by training and natural aptitude, Pegoud is most likely operating a taxi. That would also give him good excuse for keeping his mutilated hands gloved, and his car could be used as a trap, eh?"

"And we shall likely learn," Chief Hebert continued, "that his car is some sort of a diabolical execution chamber on wheels. I think that we shall find that the steel needles are shot from some kind of gun of his own invention."

"Then what——" Levallois began.

"I have thought of a plan," Chief Hebert interrupted. "Instead of forcing our man into hiding, I hope that my plan will bring him out into the open. But, Francois, my scheme involves your placing your life in grave danger."

"I have taken oath to give my life, if necessary, in the execution of my duty," Levallois reminded quietly. "What, sir, is your plan?"

Everyone sat tense as, leaning forward, Chief Hebert explained.

"You, my dear Francois, are about Laval's height and build. I want you to go to Laval's shop and there to dress yourself in some of his clothes and as nearly as possible

to make yourself up to look like him. After dark, you are to emerge from the shop and stand on the edge of the kerb as if looking for a taxi. I am confident that a taxi will soon draw alongside. Rousseau, myself and others will be close by in cars. When the taxi moves away we shall follow. As soon as you are certain that the driver is Pegoud you are to signal from the rear window and we shall immediately close in and effect his arrest."

"But how shall I know, sir?" Levallois asked. "Have you some idea what Pegoud now looks like?"

"Yes." Chief Hebert picked up a paper from his desk. "He is a heavy, powerfully built man and, even though no doubt wearing heavy gloves you will be able to see whether or not his hands are mutilated. Further, after spending long years on the sands of North Africa his skin is no doubt burned to mahogany and his eyes would be pale and sun-washed. Most likely he wears a beard. Be very vigilant, for I believe that he kills his victims almost as soon as they have seated themselves in his car."

"Then he could shoot me long before you had a chance to help," Levallois pointed out dubiously. "Shall I have no other protection?"

"You will have your gun," Chief Hebert said, "and you must not hesitate about using it. Further, I order you to wear one of our bullet-proof vests."

FOR more than an hour Levallois had been standing in the back of Henri Laval's shop. Laval himself stood close to him but hidden from the view of anyone glancing through the window. Levallois' make-up was almost perfect; his resemblance to the shopkeeper life-like.

"Look!" Laval whispered tremulously. "There he is again!"

A powerful car was gliding slowly past, a bearded and goggled figure at the wheel.

"I don't know how many times he has passed and re-passed my shop lately," Laval whispered further. "He is like a tiger stalking its prey."

Taking one more look at his revolver to make certain that it was in good order, Levallois slipped the weapon back into a pocket of his light overcoat and strolled from the building.

Pegoud's car was just turning at the corner. Hurrying across the road Levallois held up his hand just as the machine came rolling along close to the kerb.

As the car stopped Levallois caught a glimpse of pale eyes now burning with murderous triumph. Ordering the man to drive him leisurely through the Bois de Boulogne, Levallois climbed into the rear seat. The driver nodded and slammed the rear door shut.

Like most Parisian taxi cabs, a glass partition separated the driver from his passengers, a speaking tube permitting verbal contact.

As the car turned and purred quietly through the brightly lighted Avenue de Bois, through the glass, Levallois studied the driver closely, particularly noting his gloved hands. Despite the leather gloves he could see plainly that two fingers were missing from the right hand and the thumb from the left. Undoubtedly, this was Pegoud!

And then Levallois received a shock. Suddenly the driver removed his goggles and Levallois encountered the full evil glare of Pegoud's eyes reflected by a convex mirror. Levallois then noted that there was something very out of the ordinary about all of the instruments and dials on the dashboard and steering wheel.

On the wheel itself was a tubular lens with circles and markings similar to a gunsight, and within easy reach of the driver's hands were a number of switches. Presently Levallois saw Pegoud touch one and immediately the speaking tube moved silently until it pointed full at Levallois' chest. And then Levallois saw that the tube was solid excepting for a small hole in the centre; a hole just about the bore of the steel missiles which had already killed three men in Paris. Chief Hebert had surmised *(Continued on page 59)*

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that the steel needles were fired from some kind of an air gun. Evidently the speaking tube was the murder weapon!

Levallois felt his nerves tightening, the hair on the back of his neck crawling. He had seen enough. He turned to signal to the police cars supposedly following but—a steel shutter had dropped silently over the rear window! Chief Hebert had spoken truly when he said he believed that Pegoud's taxi was a diabolical execution chamber on wheels!

Turning back, Levallois took a steadying breath and with his right hand started to draw his revolver from his pocket, at the same time raising his left hand to rap upon the glass partition. As Pegoud turned his head in answer to the signal, Levallois would cover him with the gun and order him to pull to the kerb and stop.

Levallois was just too late. There came a sharp "plop," the gleam of flashing steel and then something struck him a vicious blow right above the heart. One of the deadly steel needles had driven right through his clothing and but for the fact that he was wearing a bullet-proof vest would have killed him.

Killed him! Levallois remembered that he was playing the part of bait for the trap. Uttering a choked cry, he slumped back with contorted face and writhing limbs, supposedly a dying man. Under half-closed lids he saw that Pegoud was staring gloatingly at his reflection in the convex mirror.

Levallois fully expected that Pegoud would now stop the car, examine him to see if he were dead and pin to his clothing a nine of spades. His right hand closed firmly about his pistol. But instead, the car suddenly accelerated as if something had alarmed Pegoud. A moment later the rear seat suddenly slipped from under Levallois, the rear cushions pressed forward and down and he found himself being crushed tightly between narrow walls. Followed a slam above his head, the spang of a powerful spring snapping back into place, and he realized that he was a helpless prisoner, roughly crowded into what was originally the luggage compartment, now ingeniously transformed into a mobile steel coffin!

Realizing that he would not long retain consciousness in such a constricted attitude,

Nine Must Die

Levallois strained to grip and drag free his revolver. He would empty the weapon, regardless of where the bullets went, in the forlorn hope that the explosions would attract the attention of others.

And then the taxi suddenly slowed. Levallois felt the steel floor slide from under him and the next moment he dropped to the hard roadway, to roll over and lie still, half-stunned and breathless.

As in a dream he realized that cars were racing past him. Followed the snap of shots, screams and excited cries. Presently there came the sound of hurrying footsteps and Rousseau's voice calling:

"Mon Dieu! Francois is dead! We were too slow!"

"No!" As Rousseau, Chief Hebert and others gathered around him anxiously, Levallois opened his eyes. "No," he gasped, "I'm not dead, but for the love of heaven, bring me some cognac before I pass out."

LATER, back at headquarters, Levallois recounted his terrible experience in detail.

"Mon Dieu!" Chief Hebert exclaimed. "My poor Francois! What an ordeal. Yet, Francois, thanks to your magnificent courage and presence of mind, we trapped Pegoud."

"But why did you not capture him sooner?" Levallois asked.

"Ah!" Chief Hebert nodded. "You have the right to ask. But you see, not knowing that the rear window was covered by a steel shutter we were awaiting your signal. It not coming after long anxious minutes, we then started to close in, and at once Pegoud accelerated, as you'll recall. Dense traffic at an intersection then forced him to slow down and he dropped you to the roadway. Before he could again speed up we had surrounded him."

"Good!" Levallois breathed fervently. "And we should have ample evidence to convict him, eh?"

"No." Chief Hebert shook his head slowly. "Although vastly outnumbered, Pegoud refused to surrender and fought like a wild beast. I regret that we had to use our firearms. Jean Pegoud is dead!"

END

Monte Carlo Faces To-morrow

(*Continued from page* 15)

They had to rebuild and develop to meet new competition from Nice and Cannes. Trade was slow to revive. At wit's end for money, they approached M. Zaharoff in Paris. The armament magnate had full pockets. He was ready to buy the Casino.

But the Casino company had been there before, too, and they'd only agree to a loan. Zaharoff and Rothschild granted it, on stiff terms. It took years to work off.

Prince Louis, who had succeeded his father in 1922, when he was fifty-two, faced trouble. The Monégasques kicked at taxes, and stinted spending by Casino and reigning Prince. They demanded a larger share of the juicy fruit. Prince Louis made political concessions. He had been accustomed to handling all the national income, using what he wanted, and paying the principality's upkeep bills. Now he handed over to a National Council of twelve, elected for four years, that portion of the income that would go on public expenses anyway.

The politicos promptly fell to squabbling over division of the spoils. Monte Carlo's Mayor Marquet split with the Deputy-Mayor, Bonadventure; a royalist faction grew around one, and a republican faction around the other; and when the Prince returned to his realm one day from a sojourn at his Chateau de Marchais on the Aisne, he found the factions waiting outside the Condamine Station to involve him in their quarrels with rival cheers and boos. He drove off hastily, leaving them to scratch one another's faces and tear one another's clothes, and that night he doubled the sentries, comic-opera guards wearing hats with red, white and blue cock's feathers, outside his rock castle.

In 1936, good times had come back after a long wait and a hard fight. But they were very different times. There was now an ornate new £1,250,000 Sporting Club. The new speculation was necessary to meet the challenge of opulent new casinos in Nice and Cannes. The exclusive trade had thinned, but the Casino company found lucrative lower-grade ore. What the Casino dropped in titles, it made up in numbers. There was also a Summer Casino and beach to compete with the sunbathing plages all along the Côte d'Azure.

All these new enterprises the Casino managed to finance without putting itself in pawn again. It was tough going. No more dividends of 185 per cent, with Casino company shares standing at £80. The take had dropped from 150,000,000 francs in 1929 to 76,646,277 in 1933–34, and 60,985,000 in 1934–35. But the business, through passing dividends, kept out of debt, recording small net profits; and after 1935 the profit curve turned steeply up.

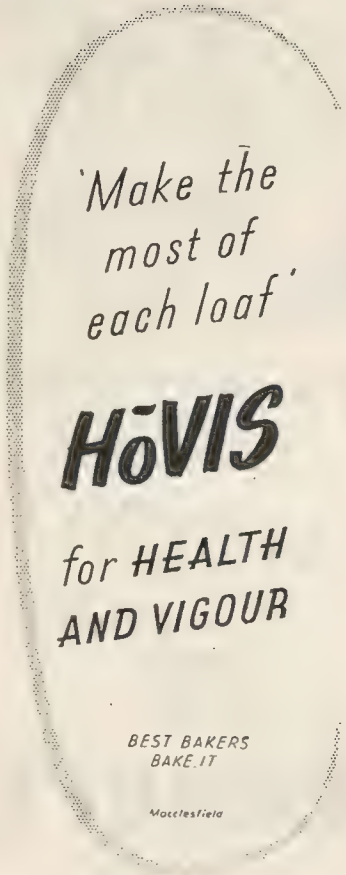
It is today hard to find a Monégasque who doubts that the big time will come again.

"All the same, it's a hazardous business you have here," I remarked to one large, plump Monégasque over a bottle of Cliquot.

He shrugged. "All business is hazardous. This champagne business is risky. People might stop drinking champagne. So far, they continue. We have our consolations here. There's plenty to eat, if you pay; and it's cheaper here than in Paris. As to the gamblers, they've always come back before, and they will again."

In Monaco, to-morrow is always another day.

END



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Black Money

(*Continued from page 16*)

the managers of all the Lisbon banks to say that unless the rate of exchange was reduced immediately, the banks of Lisbon would be blown up. The bank managers held a meeting and decided forthwith to reduce the rate of exchange. Incidentally, and only incidentally, the Portuguese for the well-known expression "to go native" is "to go black."

We will now, if you please, drop the curtain while the second World War is on and ring up again on act two. The time is the present.

The Portuguese escudo has been stable now for a long time; one hundred escudos is worth one British pound, but not a paper pound; you can buy a paper pound for the Portuguese equivalent of twelve shillings. I suppose there are some optimists who think they know how to take into England more than the ten pounds they are allowed by regulations, but my knowledge is of how the racket is worked with Spain and France.

Take France; the official rate for the French franc against one hundred escudos (one British pound) is four hundred and eighty francs; the black money rate is very nearly double. Now, the black money people in Lisbon take your money and give you a visiting card. The name and address on the card do not matter at all, in fact, both are entirely fictitious. They are merely code words. With a card, and the name and address is just to indicate how much you are to receive, you call on a Paris florist or furrier, or chocolate shop, it just depends with whom you are dealing, and you hand in the card. The sales lady or it may be a man invites you to step into a little office and take a seat a moment. He takes the visiting card, scrutinizes it, opens a drawer, takes out a little black note book, opens it, picks up the card, compares it with something you do not see and mentions a figure. You agree; you sign a receipt and walk out with your money. That is France.

The Spanish peseta is worth, officially two and a half times a Portuguese escudo, but the Spaniards want to unload their pesetas. Here come the black money boys again. More visiting cards. You arrive in Madrid and it may be a garage or merely a private house where you have to call; the proceedings are just as in Paris. During the present year thousands of Portuguese went to Spain for their holidays, all with black money. As expensive as Spain is to the Spaniards, to the Portuguese, with their black money, it is cheaper than Portugal. They buy many things in Spain, because Spain is well provided with consumer goods. What do the Portuguese do with the Spanish goods they purchase with their black money? Why, they sell the goods on the Portuguese black market.

If you have watched, as indeed I have, the monies of practically every country coming under some sort of control, you come to realize that money has become a commodity, just like soap or sugar or bread. Countries cut down or increase the ration in various ways; they may print more notes, or in modern parlance you may have what is called rather cynically "controlled inflation." You may have the present British system, which is a combination of straightforward rationing; by pegging the amount of British currency you are allowed to take abroad, and to control, through the Exchange Control, the amount of money you may *send* abroad, plus a certain amount of honest-to-God inflation via the circulation of notes. But, you may be perfectly certain that for a very long time to come you are going to have a black money racket.

END

Remembering The Fifth Of November

(*Continued from page 29*)

November the fourth, 1605; it would seem more logical to celebrate this day rather than the fifth, the date abortively earmarked for the blowing-up of the Houses of Parliament.

Warned by an anonymous letter (a passage of which ran: "Though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them") delivered to Lord Monteagle at his house at Haxton, on the evening of October 26, Lord Salisbury and other ministers decided to examine the cellars under the House of Lords. Lest the conspirators should fail to complete their preparations (and so fail to provide concrete evidence), the search was delayed until the eleventh hour. King James the First, having seen the warning letter, gave orders to the Lord Chamberlain to proceed to the vaults with Lord Monteagle, and it was here, on November the fourth, that the melodramatic scene was unfolded: the flaming lanterns held aloft, wavering shadows under the dark arches, the sinister barrels of gunpowder hidden beneath piles of brushwood and faggots, Guy Fawkes (in wide-brimmed hat and conspirator's cloak) trapped and at bay.

The conspiracy, projected by Robert Catesby and several Roman Catholic persons of rank, had had, as its object, the destruction—at one fell swoop—of King, lords, and commons. Guy Fawkes, a comparatively minor character in the cast, only revealed the identities of his fellow-conspirators and leaders under the cruelties of torture. Where greater names have been forgotten by the crowd, his survives as the symbol of this attempt; perhaps because he, alone, was discovered actually beside the terrifying hoard in the vaults.

Of the conspirators, most of whom were captured, Guy Fawkes, Sir Everard Digby, and Thomas Winter were among those who died by the hands of the executioner. Robert Catesby and Percy (of the family of Northumberland) were killed while resisting arrest, and Francis Tresham died in the Tower.

So ended the Gunpowder Plot; but England reverberated with shock and horror at the recollection, for many a long day.

The vault called Guy Fawkes's cellar was converted into offices in 1825; little by little, the fifth of November became an occasion for bonfires and fireworks, for "guys" topical rather than historical. This year's guy, trailed dismally round the streets in tattered disarray, may still be Hitler, a fallen dictator dwindling to the pavement's level. But Hitler is already out of date, and the real Guy Fawkes forgotten, a pale shade among more colourful desperadoes.

END

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Home Girl

(*Continued from page 19*)

shooting every Jap creature in sight! He wouldn't have believed that he could want to be with a girl like this. He couldn't explain it to Sue, so he had not told her anything at all about Etsu. It wasn't as if Etsu made any difference to him and Sue. Sue was the girl he was going to marry—a real honey she was, yellow hair and blue eyes and a figure. She was full of spirit, too—a regular spitfire if you rubbed her the wrong way, as Ted discovered. Etsu was so different—mild and gentle, all the time.

Studying Etsu's cream-coloured face, he saw what he had never noticed before—that there were hollows at her temples under her soft black hair, that her neck was childishly thin. "Say," he burst out, "do you get enough to eat?"

She laughed merrily and he tried again. "Etty, listen," he put his hand on her two hands folded on her lap. "Eat, see?" He opened his (*Continued on page 62*)

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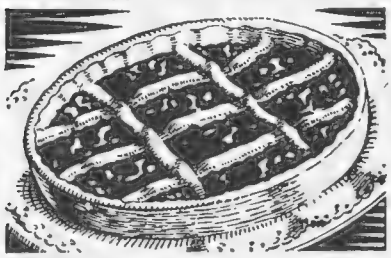

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mouth and pointed down his throat.

"No, no, Teddu," she said quickly.

"I thought not," he said. "You come along with me."

He grasped her wrist and dragged her up and along with him. Behind them the bag of soy cakes fell on the ground and half a dozen deer trotted toward it. But a child ran and snatched the bag first and carried it away. Neither Ted nor Etsu saw it. They were absorbed in a struggle, he to pull her toward the restaurant down the street and she to resist him.

"You're going to eat," he said firmly.

"No, no, Teddu!" she wailed.

"Yes, yes, Etty," he said.

In the end he prevailed. He always prevailed, being a man and an American, and she found herself seated at a table in the restaurant. A dozen other couples looked at them and grinned.

"Rope her in, fella," a soldier yelled across the room.

"You shut up," Ted yelled back.

Etsu stared at the menu through tears. "I eat home," she wailed.

"You eat now," Ted ordered sternly.

He took the menu from her hands and pointed at items so recklessly that her Japanese thrift quenched her tears and she took the card away from him again.

"No, no, Teddu," she said.

"*I'm* hungry," he declared. "Order something for me, then."

Under this pressure she said a few soft words to the waitress, who stared at her. Etsu did not meet her eyes. The waitress was certainly not a home girl, and she saw that Etsu was, and her stare was cynical. Etsu did not like it and she looked away.

"Get a move on, kid," Ted said to the waitress.

"Yes, please," she said. The order from the manager was—obedience to all Americans.

The food came almost at once, and Ted refused to take a mouthful until he saw Etsu pick up her chopsticks. This she resisted, because she knew that once she began to eat, she would not be able to stop. There would be nothing to stop her, no little brothers and sisters watching her hungrily, no father and mother pretending they were not hungry.

But that was exactly what happened. She began to eat and she could not stop. She ate fish soup and fried shrimps and shredded chicken and cabbage and rice. She ate until even Ted was astonished.

"Boy, you must have been empty," he said.

"Boy?" she repeated.

"Forget it," he said, "it don't mean anything. You just keep on eating." So she kept on eating, until at last she could eat no more. She felt wonderfully warm and comfortable and happy in her body. But in her heart she felt full of sin. She had accepted the food, and now she must pay the price. Tears rose to her eyes. But she could not escape. In honour she must pay for what she had accepted. How would she ever tell father and mother?

She was too distressed to protest at the size of the tip that Ted left the waitress. Instead she followed him in meek misery, her head down, her sleeve to her lips, her geta pattering on the cement floor. The men at the other tables shouted words at Ted which she did not know but which she perfectly understood. They were congratulating him. But why did they whistle as well as shout?

Outside the twilight was gone and the night come. Soft paper lanterns glowed as people walked along. There were no street lights—the electric works had been destroyed by bombing. In the shadows Ted stopped and put his arms around her and she stood in them shivering.

"Not here," she murmured.

The blood in his veins stopped, then raced.

"Kid—" he gasped, "—you don't mean—"

"Not here, Teddu," she said trying not to cry. She was not thinking about him but about father and mother. She would tell them the whole shameful story, how hungry she had been, how at the sight of the hot food she had simply yielded—everything.

"Where can we go, kid?" his voice was thick and breathless. He tried not to think of Sue. Plenty of fellows—married fellows, too—and he and Sue were only engaged.

"We go home," Etsu said bravely.

He knew the Japanese were queer, but this was too queer. "Your people, kid, your father and mother——"

"Yes, yes, Teddu," she said faintly.

He gave up after that. They walked side by side down the dark street. He took her hand and held it hard. It was a soft hand, much softer than Sue's. It did not clasp his back as Sue's always did. He did not want to think of Sue. He fixed his whole mind on Etsu—that part of his mind, at least, that did not think, that felt.

Only when they reached the gate of her home did Etsu's soft hand come to life. He felt it pull him through the gate, down the narrow garden walk to the house. The paper wall screens were drawn and the light in one room shone softly veiled. Against them the figures of father and mother moved in flat grey outlines. Etsu drew the screen enough to make a doorway and went into the house, pulling Ted after her. The children were already in bed, and father and mother looked at her without smiles.

"I am very late," she said and began to cry.

Father invited Ted to sit down with a wave of his hand. They all sat down on the floor mats, while Etsu continued to cry.

"Don't cry, Etty," Ted muttered. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

But he began to be a little angry. What was the game now? She had got him all excited and then come home. He listened to the soft outpourings of her voice, understanding nothing. When the Japs really talked, dictionaries were no good. You just had to wait. "Alas, dear ones," Etsu was saying. She wiped her eyes with one sleeve and the other. "I have fallen so low. I do not deserve to be your child. Yet I had to return to my home. Where else can I go?"

"Tell us exactly what happened," father said in a practical voice.

So she told them. "My stomach suddenly ached. My eyes became blind. My nostrils were filled with the fragrance of the food. I trembled and felt faint. I thought only of putting the food in my mouth. Once I began I could not stop. I ate until I could eat no more. He paid how many yen I dare not tell you. Afterwards we went outside and at once he asked me where we could go. I said, we would come home. He refused. But I insisted that you would do what was honourable. He is come in that expectation."

They all looked at Ted. He sat bold upright on his folded legs, acutely uncomfortable. But the handbook on Japan had said that it was considered rude to stretch the legs out straight.

He grinned at her, "I can't keep it up too long," he remarked.

Father and mother looked at Etsu. "What does he say?" they asked in unison.

"He says he cannot wait too long," she said faintly.

They sighed and father coughed. "We must remember that their ways are not our ways," he said.

"But Etsu is our daughter," mother wailed.

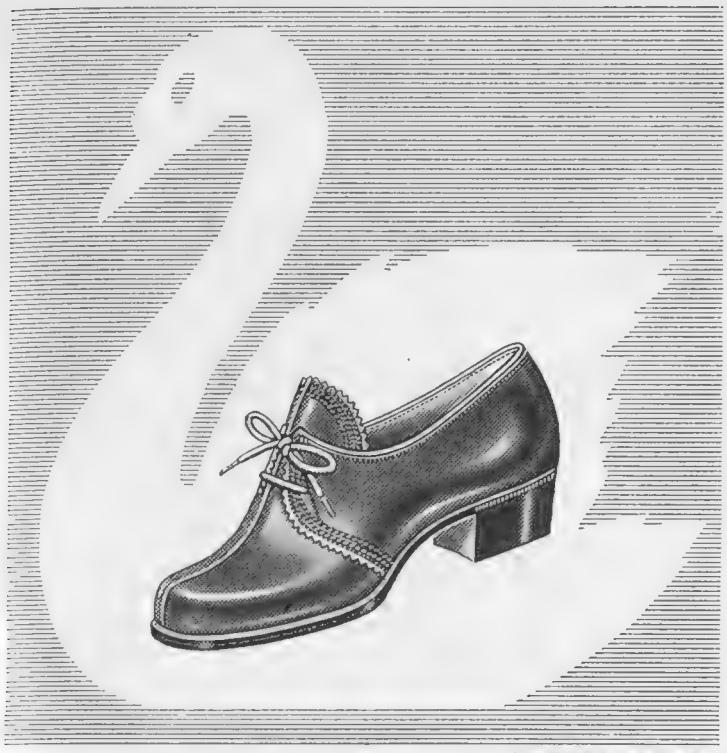
"That is the difficulty," father agreed.

"Let's get going, kid," Ted said restlessly. "I can't sit here much longer." The inner muscles of his legs were beginning to cramp.

"What does he say?" father and mother asked again.

"He wants to begin," Etsu said still more faintly.

There was nothing for it. "The Emperor himself said we were to yield to the conquerors," father said sadly. He motioned to mother and they rose. "We will go in the other room," father said. "We will wait there." Mother lifted her sleeve to her face and cried behind it softly. Thus they walked out of the room and father drew the screen of the partition behind him. (*Continued on page 64*)



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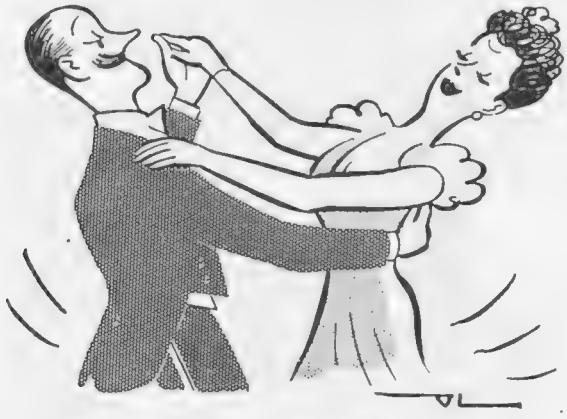

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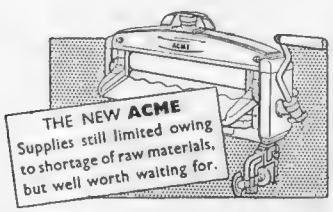

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Ted stared after them. "Mighty decent of the old folks," he remarked. His legs suddenly became unbearable. "Mind if I straighten out?" He got up and stamped his feet, one after the other. "My feet've gone to sleep," he said cheerfully. The room was awfully small, he thought. Queer how the Japs seemed to live in closets! Etsu still kneeled, looking up at him. He could make nothing of her look. It was fixed and strange. But her great eyes, under their straight uplifted lashes, were beautiful. He dropped to the mat again beside her.

"Not scared of me, are you, kid?" he asked tenderly.

She did not answer. He took her in his arms and felt her as soft as a doll, unresponsive, passive, completely yielded. He kissed her at last, full on the mouth, and her face lay against his shoulder. "Why, I can—I can——" he did not finish the sentence. He could do anything with this soft female creature.

At this moment Etsu against his breast felt something square and hard under her cheek. Now that the moment was come she was desperately frightened, even with father and mother just on the other side of the screen. Fear forced her to seize any delay. She reached inside his coat and pulled out the square. It was a folded leather case.

"This," she said, sitting up—"what?"

"Oh heck, give that to me," Ted said harshly. He snatched at it but she held it away from him.

"No, no, Teddu," she said. She tried to laugh. Then it occurred to her it was his money. She was horrified. Suppose he should think she wanted money! She opened the case hastily and saw a face, a girl's face, twice repeated, once grave, once laughing.

"Oh, Teddu!" she breathed. She looked down into the faces. "Pretty giru!" she said.

It had never come into her mind that he had perhaps a home like her own, with father and mother. He existed for her, as all the Americans existed for everybody, merely as soldiers and conquerors.

"Your sister?" she asked.

"No," he said shortly.

"Your wife!" she declared.

"No—well, not exactly," he said.

She gazed down at Sue's face, so enchanted, so admiring, that he was moved to pride. "She's the girl I'm going to marry," he said.

"Oh Teddu—nize!" She said in her little musical voice. Everything she said sounded like singing. "Tell something, please."

She touched Sue's loose curls. "Black, please?"

"Gold," Ted said.

"And eyes, please?"

"Blue," he said.

Etsu jumped up nimbly. "Tall, like me?" she asked.

"Much taller," Ted said. He stood up and measured to his eyebrow. "Sue's a tall girl—not fat, though."

"Giru name, please?" Etsu asked softly.

"Sue," Ted said shortly.

"Sue? So pretty," Etsu murmured, "so pretty—pretty! I like!" Impulsively she put Sue's picture to her cheek. "Nize giru," she said. "She come Japan, too?"

"No," Ted said.

"But you marry?" Etsu said anxiously.

"Sure, when I go home," Ted said.

"Oh, you go home?" Etsu repeated.

"Sure, some time," Ted said.

"What time?" Etsu urged.

"Oh, maybe next summer."

"Then you marry," Etsu murmured. "You have nize——"

"Wedding," Ted supplied.

"Wedding," she repeated, "and then small babies, many small babies—so *nize*!" she sighed.

"Yeah," Ted said.

Etsu gazed at the picture affectionately. She pressed it to one cheek and the other. Then she closed the case and put it back into Ted's breast pocket and buttoned the flap. She patted the pocket with her hand. "Nize," she kept saying, "so nize."

Sue was there in the room with them. He could feel her as plain as anything. All the longing and hunger which had been roused in his strong young body rushed to her. He wanted her, his own girl, and nobody else, the girl he was going to marry, who was going to have his children for him. All the homesickness of the two years he had been away swept over him. He saw the white painted houses, the streets, the green lawns of home. That was where he belonged, in Plainfield, New Jersey, where Sue was waiting for him.

He looked at Etsu in her flowered kimono with the big obi. What the hell had made him think——

"Say, I got to be going," he muttered. "It's gettin' late."

She found his cap for him and he put it on. He stared at her an instant. Queer—he didn't even want to kiss her.

"G'night," he muttered.

"Goodnigh', Teddu," she said sweetly. She opened the screen for him, and let it be open long enough for the light to shine across the path to the gate. When he had gone out she ran and pushed the bar across. A fine rain was beginning to fall and by the time she was back in the house again her dark hair was full of silver mist.

Father and mother were waiting for her

"He didn't——" they began.

"No," she said.

"What happened?" father asked.

"Nothing," she said. "We talked. There is a girl in America with blue eyes and yellow hair. I saw her picture. He is going home to be married to her."

"But he knew that before," mother said, bewildered.

"I didn't know it," Etsu said. "It was when I knew it that he remembered her."

They stood staring at each other.

"Do you understand?" mother asked father.

"No," father said. "Who can understand Americans?"

Etsu did not speak. She was already pulling down the soft silken quilts from the wall cupboards. At night father and mother slept here on the floor. She slept with the children in the next room.

"At any rate we are safe," she said. "And I will eat his food no more, I promise you."

But hours later, lying wedged between her two little sisters, she kept thinking of the pretty blonde face. Two women, across the seas from one another—was it possible one had come flying to the aid of the other?

"Who knows?" Etsu asked. Her grateful heart reached through the night. "She is my sister," she thought. "My sister, who saved me. Sue!" she spoke the name aloud. It was like a Japanese name—almost, she thought.

END

Bamboos For Conscience (*Continued from page 28*)

teeth but there was no warmth in it. "Mahatma Chandra will answer your question, inspector."

Chandra now joined the group and tolerantly acknowledged the smooth exaggeration of Suliman Khan's reverential salutation. Pointing to the squatting, frightened servants he posed the question. "Of these eight men, one is a thief. Can your hasty finger unerringly point the man?"

Sneering lines etched themselves about the inspector's mouth. "The gift of inward sight has been withheld from one so unworthy, O Master of Wisdom. Point you the man," he smoothly continued.

"Who stayed in the fifth shelter?" Chandra demanded.

Jhalda, one of the house bearers, his dark face blanched to a sickly umber, rose on unsteady shanks.

"Hold forth your hands."

Trembling, the abject creature slowly extended his hands. Carefully examining the finger-nails, Chandra (*Continued on page 66*)

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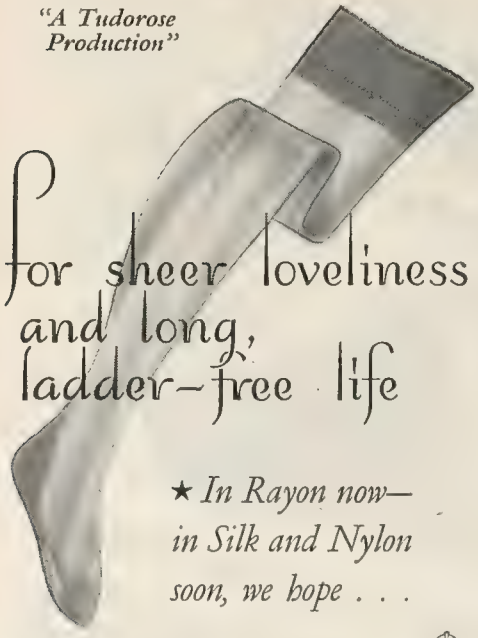

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looked again closely at the thumb-nail of the right hand.

"There is your man, inspector." Chandra pointed an accusing finger at the flinching culprit. "Take him away."

Jhalda cast his turban at Chandra's feet and yelped for mercy. His shaven pate exposed, he knelt and beat his forehead on the hard-packed earth. "Oh, Protector of the Poor, all shall be restored. Forgive a thief. *Marp karo, huzoor, marp karo.* Oh, pardon make, Excellency."

On the run, red turbans bobbing, two constables loped across the shrivelled grass. Inspector Suliman Khan replaced his silver whistle, gave Chandra a hard look, saluted stiffly and turned on his heel.

"What . . . what happened?" Alice looked bemused.

"Did I not say, mem-sahib, that guilt would betray itself?"

Jhalda had been a trusted servant. With compassionate eyes Alice watched the man being led away.

"Grant, order those *parawallahs* to bring Jhalda back."

Curtly he gave the order. Free from detaining hands, Jhalda, a limp reflection of efficient yesterday, returned with dejected steps.

"Tell me the truth; why did you steal?"

Before his mistress the servant knelt and extended a trembling hand to touch the tips of her riding boots. "Truly, I am no thief at heart," he moaned. "My wife is sick unto death. The *hakeems* (physicians) took all I had, yet did their medicines do no good."

"Upon my word, you wretch, I'd like to shake you," Alice exploded in indignant English. "Go!" she imperiously ordered the native constables. "Tell Suliman Khan we lay no charge against this man."

Chandra was sitting again under the projecting eave, cross-legged and tranquil, his fingers sliding up and down the sacred thread of the twice-born.

"What happened, mahatma jee?" Alice favoured Chandra with her most engaging smile. "Tell me, whatever made you think it was Jhalda?"

"When I examined the huts," with kindly patience he explained, "I found, in the fifth one, above the level of my eyes, a fresh scratch on the brown, mud wall. Jhalda, that son of misfortune, had marked the measure of his bamboo on the wall. No doubt to check the growth—if any." A wry smile flitted across his face. "Brown mud from the wall was yet packed in the thumb-nail of his right hand when I examined his fingers. Only a guilty conscience would direct such an action. To confirm, I looked in all the other huts. None but the fifth had the mark."

"Mahatma jee, when we leave, will you please call a *tonga* and send Jhalda to his wife." Her lovely mouth firm with purpose, she continued. "I'll soon put an end to this *hakeem* nonsense."

"Amazin' show!" Grant Allen murmured, glancing at the watch on his wrist.

"Indeed it shall be as you wish, mem-sahib." Chandra's quiet smile was like a benediction. "Salaam, Allen sahib."

END.

Bamboos For Conscience

Paris—London

(*Continued from page* 40)

brown velvet, with a white fichu tied over a close-fitting bodice, and the skirt falling in straight folds to the ground. Many of the afternoon dresses are draped over the hips. Suits have hip length, cut-away jackets, and a good deal of fur is used for trimming.

Balenciaga's collection is worth seeing for the beauty of the materials used and the wonderful workmanship. This collection might well be taken as a classic example of the best in Paris fashions. When you see these clothes you realize that America still has a lot to learn from Paris.

Schiaparelli has her fun with her bustles and pockets in the most surprising places but she also shows good, homely Scotch tweed jackets, with practical corduroy skirts.

Molyneux, like all good Englishmen, is thoroughly conservative in his fashion taste. His collection puts forward the case for understatement. There is no line of exaggeration to be found in any of his clothes.

The Paris collections are more important to France this winter than ever before, for these are the dress shows designed to recapture the world's fashion market."

LONDON shops are certainly filling up again. You may not be able to get exactly what you want, but there is much more to buy and many more people to serve you.

I went out shopping the other day for rope and playing cards. True, the hardware departments had no rope, but I could have bought any number of stainless steel sink and draining-boards attached to kitchen units, or any amount of bathroom furniture. There were no playing cards in the five shops I tried, but I did find the cosmetic department of one Oxford Street store (Marshall & Snelgrove) well stocked with perfume, including: Irfé, Tabou and Weil. There was also plenty of Rubinstein's pasteurized skin food and some "Town and Country," and a good selection of toilet soap, bath oil and bath powder. There is also good news of Max Factor's preparations. I passed a chemist's in Baker Street the other day and they had plenty of the Pan-cake, powder, lipstick, rouge and the foundation cream.

END.

Were They The "Good Old Days"?

(*Continued from page* 43)

Old Days." Statuesque near-nudes, themselves bored beyond expression, draw the crowds whose predecessors once patronised the thick-ear melodrama. They eat Cellophane-wrapped imported dainties—possibly "Gift Parcels for Britain"?—where once the audience sucked oranges . . . and cracked nuts noisily.

Sunday afternoons? Anywhere—but at home!

For a new generation has taken new bearings. And it has a pretty shrewd idea where it is going. It is not going Back! This new generation knows that one effect of the second World War, intentional or not, was to deflect the minds of the "common" folk from the small, petty things and keep them busy resenting the big things that made the "Good Old Days" bad. A wave of inventive genius has swept over this new generation . . . a wave which suggests that soon, maybe, we shall live in a world of synthetics. A world of week-end autogiro trips and universal television and fourth-dimensional stuff; a world of 500-mile-an-hour stratospheric passenger aircraft—or £10 return trips to the States for folk who prefer to "keep one foot on the ground." A world of opaque glass houses, maybe, and "tapped sunshine"; of miracles performed to prolong human life. Above everything, a world with a new-type happiness which, as Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "Is a perfume which you cannot give to others without spilling a few drops on yourself." *That* type of world!

And so, from the puzzle, the bewilderment, the—on occasion—nightmare memory of gas-lit Britain, and that hideous poverty of the very poor, we are emerging on to a high road that can lead us to an era when the "common" folk shall overcome the hazards and inconveniences of life and challenge the world to stand-and-deliver. An era which, perhaps, fifty years hence will be regarded once more as a newer, though still obsolete, pattern of those dim "Good Old Days" of the vague and dead Past.

END

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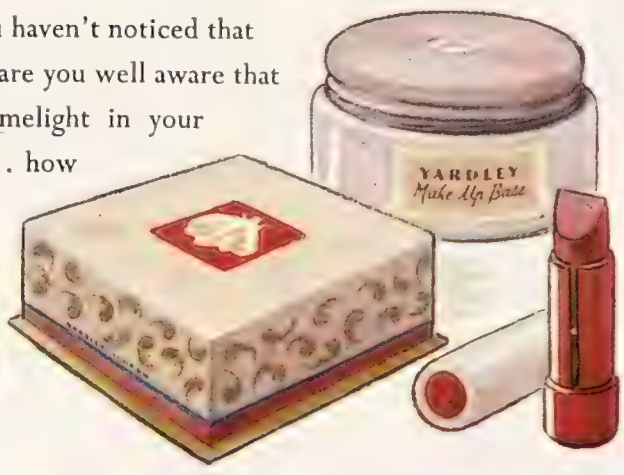
Rapt in the makebelieve world before you, maybe you haven't noticed that your escort's eyes are wandering from the stage . . . or are you well aware that Yardley beauty-things have a way of turning limelight in your direction? Not quite a fair question, perhaps. But . . . how very rewarding it is to put your best face forward!



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Stormy Night (*Continued from page 32*)

She looked around her studio and it seemed to her that there were faint signs, just the slightest changes, which seemed to tell her this stranger had looked around thoroughly; he had probably searched Roger's unconscious figure.

"Not particularly," he lied.

"Then perhaps," said Airdre firmly, "perhaps you could leave and allow me to get on with my work."

The stranger was not disconcerted. "I would but I thought you might like me to wait until he was conscious and then I could remove him to . . . to a hospital."

"Quite. Only I don't think you would take him to a hospital . . . and he happens to be a friend of mine."

He smiled. "Why not leave the decision to him? He'll come to any moment now. Just a nasty crack on the head added to a bit of strain."

Airdre tried to be casual as she picked up her raincoat. Her whole mind was focused too intently on the small wet bag in the pocket. She had need for time to think.

"I think," she said, "I think there is some law about reporting unconventional arrivals."

He puffed his cigar and smiled. He was tall and smooth but his eyes were black, small and were watching her too carefully.

"When did he arrive?" He pointed his cigar at Roger.

"Is that any business of yours?"

"It is—in a way. You see I was expecting him. As a matter of fact my car is at the main road now. You've been to the beach? Did he send you?"

There was a sharpness in his eyes as he watched for her answer.

"He did not. I thought there might be others in distress."

"There weren't?"

The question was too innocent and Airdre smiled. "You seem to know more than I do? Who are you, and why are you here? And what is your business with Roger Warren?"

"Very simple. Waldgrave is my name. I had a rendezvous with him."

"Not quite so simple," said Airdre with the knowledge of the package in her raincoat. "A rendezvous, between a car on the high road and a rubber raft coming into a cove is not very simple, especially during a storm when the coastguard might reasonably be expected to be less alert."

She heard a new sound behind her and turned to see Roger rubbing his head with his free hand. He looked at the stranger and from him to Airdre.

"A little the worse for wear," Waldgrave said. "Feel strong enough to go, Warren?"

Roger swayed to his feet. "Yes," he muttered. "We'll go."

Airdre shrugged. "Well, if you insist." Then she looked at Roger. "Perhaps you'd better have something to pull you together." She turned to the stranger. "Perhaps you would join us."

The stranger smiled. He evidently thought it would be just the thing for Roger.

Over the drinks the stranger was very affable. Roger seemed to gather strength quickly as a physically fit man will after a slight mishap. Then, gulping his drink, he rose to his feet much steadier now.

"Well, I'm sorry to have barged in on you, Airdre. Not quite what I intended to do."

The stranger smiled and rose.

"You wait for me at the road," said Roger. "I'll go down to the beach first . . . and I'll join you up there."

"And what am I supposed to do?" asked Airdre. "Be an accomplice in something which seems suspiciously illegal?"

"There's nothing for you to worry about," said the stranger.

"I'm not quite such a child as to believe that," said Airdre. "I think Roger knew very well that this cove would be sheltered in a westerly gale and that if a boat—say a French fishing boat—ran against the wind along the coast just here it would be not too risky a chance to hope to get a rubber raft safely into this cove with very little chance of being seen. Unfortunately a rock intervened and he had to swim for it. Let us understand that we talk as people who understand one another . . . not as two doubtful characters speaking to a simple girl."

At this Roger turned and for a moment was his own self looking at her with a kind of amused pride and a touch of the old male arrogance in the smile on his lips.

Airdre turned to him. "I'll come with you. You're still weak from that blow."

"It would be a pleasure," said Roger.

Airdre picked up her raincoat hoping neither would notice her eagerness to get it out of the house.

The wind caught at her again as she followed Roger, admiring the way after so hard a blow he thrust himself against the wind.

There was nothing soft about him physically or mentally, but sooner or later this wildness of his would destroy him unless it could be channelled into something useful. But that was none of her business. He plunged down the sandbank on to the beach and made straight for the little cave. Airdre waited for him.

An impulse seized her. She put her hand into her pocket, took out the still damp bag and, bending down, she scrabbled it under the sand quickly, picking up a pebble as she rose. She hurled the pebble angrily out to sea.

Roger Warren emerged from the cave blackbrowed as she turned.

"What was that you threw?" he asked.

The wind dragged at her hair but her eyes were steady as she looked at him. "That was what you were looking for in there."

With a gasp he stepped forward and gripped her wrist. "You found it? You fool. Where did you throw it?"

Even as he looked he knew it was a useless question.

"Where you and that . . . that character won't get it."

His hand bruised her wrist. "There were ten thousand pounds worth of diamonds in that bag."

"There was more than that in it," said Airdre, trembling now she was in his fierce grasp, trembling not in fear, but with the disturbed emotions that flooded back through her, emotions she thought she had killed. But they were not dead, they were as fresh and new as when she had first yielded to his embrace on this beach. "I threw away the dishonesty in that bag . . . from you."

"They weren't stolen."

"No, but they were being smuggled in for high profits or Waldgrave wouldn't have hired you to risk your life . . . and you wouldn't have risked it for nothing."

"Damn you, damn you, damn you," he muttered. "What do you expect a man to do, be turned down and go and weep in a corner for the love of a self-centred girl martyring herself for an idea."

"Roger, Roger," she whispered. "No good could come of it."

He laughed bitterly. "No good will come of it now. I suppose you expect Waldgrave and his crowd to laugh off ten thousand pounds. Ah! What am I supposed to say to them?"

He was holding both her wrists in a grip of iron, holding her close because the wind was cutting their words away from between them.

"I wouldn't tell you anything. A man who can take the risk of coming into this cove on a stormy night in a rubber raft doesn't need a girl to tell him how to manage a crook."

He looked out to sea as if for a moment he thought he could plunge in and get the diamonds, but he was defeated and he knew it.

"What a fool I was to choose this place."

"Maybe it was your fate."

"I chose it because I could remember every little detail of the beach, the tide."

"But you dragged me into it."

"I was only half in my senses when I came."

Airdre felt a sudden unreasoning gladness. His deep sub-conscious (*Continued on page 70*)

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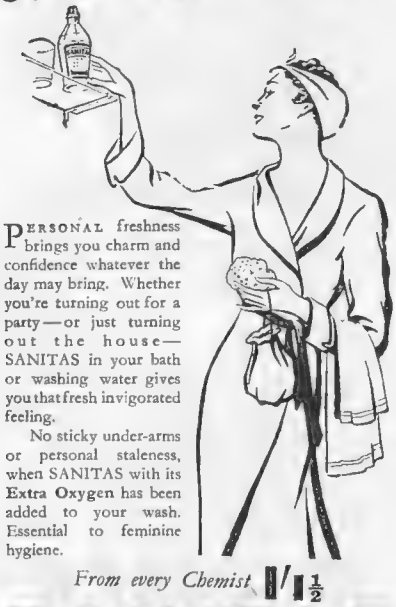

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self had led him to her . . . so that she would save him from himself. But suddenly he seemed to reject her and dropped her hands. He moved slowly up from the beach to the cottage.

"Well," said Waldgrave as they entered. "Ready?" He was standing suave and smooth, back to the fire, with a new cigar in his mouth.

"They've gone," said Roger angrily.

A change came over Waldgrave's face as he looked from one to the other. "But you went down for them."

"They're gone," said Roger staring at him defiantly. "She found them where I hid them and she threw them into the sea . . ." he laughed bitterly, "to save me from myself."

Waldgrave's voice was ominous. "This true?"

"I saw her throw something."

Waldgrave suddenly smiled. "Couldn't be collusion? Very naïve."

From his pocket he drew a small automatic. He spoke to Airdre. "I'll make a suggestion. Having thrown them where you can obviously get them again, I suggest we take you down now and you can swim for them . . . unless of course they're merely hidden."

Roger watched Airdre.

"Nobody could swim in those currents and live."

"It's all the same to me," said Waldgrave, smiling. "You swim and dive for them, or hand them over, but you swim anyway . . .

"Look here, Waldgrave," said Roger. "I know when she's speaking the truth."

"But do I?" said Waldgrave and his eyes were on them both flickering from one to the other. "It was you who suggested this cove as a landing place. Perhaps you had already arranged to doublecross me." He turned to Roger. "You can easily show which side of the fence you are on by helping me to persuade her to swim . . . after all who knows we are here or anywhere near here?"

"Very pretty," said Roger. For a moment he seemed to sway not from weakness but on the balls of his feet like a man about to spring. Then suddenly he changed his mind. "Come on, let's go then."

He took Airdre by the arm and pushed her to the door. "Follow us," he said to Waldgrave.

Waldgrave did, taking care to keep his distance. But he had not reckoned with the darkness and with the training of a commando, and a moment later Roger led Airdre back into the studio cottage.

"He'll be all right out there for a while; he's tied up safely. I'll take him up to the

car and drive him out of your life. I don't like people who fight women."

Airdre looked up into his grim face. "Roger, will they——"

He interrupted her. "They won't do anything to me. I'm as tough as they are . . ."

"But the diamonds?"

He smiled down at her but the smile was grim. "A high price to pay for a man."

Her grey eyes met his dark eyes. "Not too high a price to save a man from himself."

He took her hand and pulled her to him. "You could have done it for nothing six months ago."

She did not resist his arms. "Roger, I had to learn your value first."

His head bent over hers. "You know it now?"

Her head fell on his wet jersey. "I have known it for—for—nearly six months."

She lifted her head to meet his eyes again but the revelation in her words had swept away his last reserve and his lips cut off her last word, burying themselves in hers with a sudden passion.

As they kissed, the atmosphere of the little cottage with its soft-lighted comfort seemed to lose its former restlessness and sink into a fulfilment it had lacked before.

Then Airdre struggled to free herself but only to get her breath; yet in her blood she knew now that her decision was absolutely final.

As if he knew it, too, Roger smiled at her. "Then you take me . . . as is?"

"Not quite. Just one thing to get off my conscience . . . and yours."

He looked towards the door behind which lay Waldgrave. "That man?"

Airdre shook her head. "No. His diamonds."

"We'll never find them in the sea."

"I didn't throw them into the sea."

"Then why——"

"Why did I put you to all that trouble? To teach him a lesson. He was rude . . . and, of course, a crook."

Roger's eyes shot a shrewd half-smile at Airdre. "What about me?"

"Nearly, but not quite," laughed Airdre. "You have done nothing illegal . . . provided the diamonds go through the customs before they reach . . . that man. Then the law will have its due, that man will have his gems, and you——"

"Will have a wife."

END

To Keep Out The Cold

(*Continued from page* 36)

inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 6th row until 120 sts. and work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 96 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLE AND THE BACK OF NECK

Work 35 sts., turn. Work back to armhole end. Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 armhole end rows. Cast off 26 sts. for the back of neck. Work to armhole edge on the remaining 35 sts. Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 armhole end rows.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 56 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Change to main patt., work 12 rows, then dec. 1 st. (wrong side of work facing) on the next and every 4th row following until 50 sts. Work 1 in. on these 50 sts. Now inc. 1 st. on the next side edge row and every following 6th row until 56 sts. and work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES (wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Then k. 2 tog. every armhole end row until 42 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK (right side of work facing)

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next row, continue for 2 ins., casting off 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row 3 times.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 armhole end rows. Work left front as for the right front, with shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 56 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2 ins.

Change to No. 10 needles (inc. 1 st., 57 sts.). Continue in the following :—

K. 2 rows blue.

1st row.—K. m.

2nd row.—P. w.

3rd row.—K. b.

4th row.—2 m., 1 w., * 5 m., 1 w.; rep. from * to end.

5th row.—2 w., * 3 m., 3 w.; rep. from * to last st., 1 m.

6th row.—2 m., 1 w., * 4 m., 1 w., 1 m., 1 w., 4 m., 1 w.; rep. from * to the last 6 sts., 4 m., 1 w., 1 m.

7th row.—2 m., 2 w., * 5 m., 2 w., 3 m., 2 w.; rep. from * to the last 5 sts., 5 m.

8th row.—1 w., * 1 m., 1 w., 1 m., 2 w., 2 m., 1 w., 2 m., 2 w.; rep. from *, ending 1 w.

9th row.—As 7th row.

(*Continued on page* 72)

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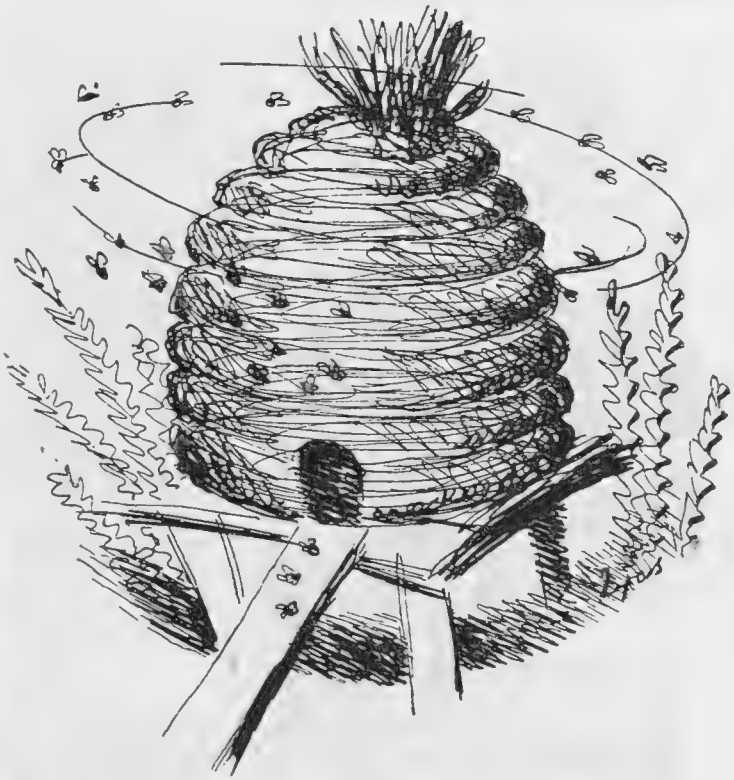

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10th row.—As 6th row.
11th row.—As 5th row.
12th row.—As 4th row.
13th row.—As 3rd row.
14th row.—As 2nd row.
15th row.—As 1st row.
16th row.—P. in blue.

Continue now all in main patt., inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 94 sts. Continue without further shaping until 17 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then dec. 1st. at the beg. of every row until 39 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 10 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, rib 2 rows, make buttonhole : rib 3 sts., cast off 4 sts., rib 3 sts.

Next row : rib 3 sts., cast on 4 sts., rib 3 sts. Continue in ribbing until 19 ins. from the cast-on edge, making buttonholes 1¾ ins. apart.

Rib 2 rows after last buttonhole. Cast off.

Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

NECKBAND

Sew up the shoulder seams. Sew on front strips.

To Keep Out The Cold

With blue wool and No. 10 needles, pick up and k. 108 sts. round the neck.

1st row (purl).—* 5 m., 1 w. ; rep. from *, ending 5 m.

2nd row.—4 m., * 3 w., 3 m. ; rep. from * ending 4 m.

3rd row.—* 4 m., 1 w., 1 m., 1 w., 4 m., 1 w. ; rep. from *, ending 4 m.

4th row.—2 m., * 2 w., 3 m., 2 w., 5 m. ; rep. from *, ending 2 w., 2 m.

5th row.—* 1 m., 2 w., 2 m., 1 w., 2 m., 2 w., 1 m., 1 w. ; rep. from *, ending 1 m., 2 w., 1 m.

6th row.—As 4th row.

7th row.—As 3rd row.

8th row.—As 2nd row.

9th row.—As 1st row until the last 10 sts., p. 3, cast off 4, p. 3.

10th row (using blue wool).—K. 3, cast on 4, k. to end. Cast off.

POCKETS

With No. 10 needles, cast on 36 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. (k. 2 tog. at the end of the last row, 35 sts.).

Now work the 16 rows of Fair Isle patt. as for the lower edge of sleeves (beg. with the 2 rows blue). Cast off.

END

Matching Cap And Gloves

(*Continued from page* 36)

16th row.—Purl white.
17th row.—Knit mauve.
18th row.—Purl blue.

(Dec. 1 st. at the end of last row—28 sts.)

Place these 28 sts. on a spare needle.

Return to the sts. for the palm of the hand. Work in main patt. until 5 ins. from the rib. Now work across the 56 sts. in main patt. for another 12 rows.

First finger.—Slip 21 sts. on a pin, k. 14 sts., slip 21 sts. on pin, cast on 2 sts. (16 sts.). Work for 2¼ ins.

Shape Top.—K. 2 tog. to end. P. 2 tog. to end. Break off wool and fasten off.

Second finger.—Pick up 7 sts. from the back of hand, pick up 2 sts. from first finger, pick up 7 sts. from the palm of hand (16 sts.). Work 2¼ ins.

Shape top as before.

Third finger.—Work as for second finger, but make in length 2¼ ins.

Fourth finger.—Pick up the last 7 sts. from back of hand, pick up 2 sts. from third finger, pick up 7 sts. from palm of hand (16 sts.). Work for 2 ins.

Shape top as before.

Thumbs.—Cast on 2 sts. Work in main patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 20 sts. Work 2¼ ins. Shape top as first finger.

Make another glove to correspond with shaping on the opposite side.

THE CAP

With blue wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 138 sts. Work 4 rows k. 1, p. 1.

Inc. row.—K. 2, * inc. 1 st., k. 5 ; rep. from * to the last 4 sts., inc. 1 st., k. 3 (161 sts.).

Purl 1 row. Work 12 rows main patt.

Next row.—K., * (k. 2 tog., k. 1) 3 times, k. 1 ; rep. from * to 10 sts. remain (k. 2 tog., k. 1) twice, k. 1, (114 sts.).

Purl 1 row.

Fair Isle patt. as follows :—

1st row.—Knit mauve.
2nd row.—Purl white.
3rd row.—Knit blue.

4th row.—* 5 m., 1 w. ; rep. from * to end.

5th row.—2 w., * 3 m., 3 w. ; rep. from * to the last 4 sts., 3 m., 1 w.

6th row.—* 4 m., 1 w., 1 m., 1 w., 4 m., 1 w. ; rep. from * to the last 6 sts., 4 m., 1 w., 1 m.

7th row.—2 m., 2 w., * 5 m., 2 w., 3 m., 2 w. ; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., 2 m.

8th row.—* 1 m., 2 w., 2 m., 1 w., 2 m., 2 w., 1 m., 1 w. ; rep. from * to the last 6 sts., 1 m., 2 w., 2 m., 1 w.

9th row.—As 7th row.
10th row.—As 6th row.
11th row.—As 5th row.
12th row.—As 4th row.

Next row (blue).—K. 1, * (k. 2 tog.) 3 times, k. 1 ; rep. from * to the last 8 sts. (k. 2 tog.) 3 times, k. 2.

Next row.—Purl white.
Next row.—Knit mauve.

Purl 1 row blue. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1.

Next row.—K. 1, * k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end.

Purl 1 row.

Next row.—K. 1, * k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end. Break off wool.

Draw up the remaining sts. with a wool needle and the end of wool.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece of cardigan on the wrong side with a damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up the side seams. Sew up sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Press all seams. Sew on buttons. Sew on pockets. Press on the wrong side. Turn gloves on the wrong side. Press with damp cloth and warm iron, also the thumbs. Sew up the fingers ; sew in the thumbs. Press cap on the wrong side in the same way. Sew up the back seam.

Books

(*Continued from page* 41)

ANOTHER U.S. girl worth coping with is "innalectual" Kit Madden, who writes a social purpose book about youth building a new world after the war, goes to Hollywood to film it, and bumps into a Marine who seems the very spit of her hero and ought to play him. The lesson she learns when she puts theory into practice makes a lively story with a bright plastic gloss over it : "Thanks, God! I'll Take It From Here," by Jane Allen and May Livingstone (Faber, 7s. 6d.).

WHAT to make of Mr. John O'Hara's stories, "Pipe Night" (Faber, 7s. 6d.), I'm not sure. They are episodes, character sketches, more than stories: slick, terse, photographic. Many concern ordinary people who talk a small-town Yankese which I find as caressing as barbed wire. I salute their cynical *New Yorker* cleverness, but if they are a foretaste of what we may expect when U.S. magazines gate-crash the English market, I for one shall remain, if you don't mind, Blimpishly British.

MORE to my liking, in U.S. fiction, is "Again in October" (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.), Miss Lilian van Ness's story of a woman who expected too much of marriage to make a complete (*Continued on page* 74)

"What a little goose not to ask for Caley Cranford!"

The loveliest chocolates now made; 10 luscious centres; transparent wrappings for perfect freshness; advance guard of all the good things soon to come from Caley's . . . including your favourite Fortune Chocolates.

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success of it, and sees the reason for her failure mirrored in the frank love affair of a young cousin with more modern ideas and a different approach. Married readers will, I think, be specially interested in the graph of Augusta Freer's marriage and divorce. The author has an intense feeling for domestic atmosphere, and writes with a purpose.

ENGLISH, too, in the Sabatini-Jeffrey Farnol vein, is a costume story of Queen Anne's time, Mr. Anthony Spada's "The Swordsman" (Macdonald & Co., 8s. 6d.), an ex-ensign of the Duke of Marlborough's army in Flanders, who rescues a Jacobite brother from Newgate and finds himself caught up in piracy on the high seas. The action veers from romantic love to Tyburn executions, yardarms, highwaymen, and political intrigues: full value in "cloak and sword" adventure.

MR. WALTER ALLEN'S "Rogue Elephant" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), is a brainy, unscrupulous young man of back-street origin and with a way with women who goes to stay in a Devon country house, plays the Lothario to two girls there, and roots out a dire family secret which might have a tragic effect on the youngest daughter, Audrey. The outcome, however, is deftly turned to comedy with his exposure as a figure to be pitied. A subtle, intelligent novel of character, written with skill and sensibility.

HERE is a list of other books which will pay the attention of readers :—

"British Theatre," by Peter Noble (British Yearbooks, 21s.). Contains a Who's Who of the theatre and a complete review of every outstanding play.

"The Jug," by Barnaby Brook (Macdonald & Co., 8s. 6d.). A novel of an English family whose varying lives and love affairs are pursued through four generations.

"My Seed—Thy Harvest," by Frances Dale (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d.). Fantasy and truth richly and tenderly characterized.

"Lightly He Journeyed," by Elisabeth Inglis-Jones (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.). The study of an artist who believed in the absolute value of personal freedom.

"The Impudence of Youth," by Warwick Deeping (Cassell, 9s. 6d.). An enchanting story of a poor boy who becomes very rich.

"Million Dollar Gamble," by Frank Johnston (John Long, 9s. 6d.). A racing yarn which makes everything clear even to those who know little or nothing of the Turf.

"Skeleton in the Cupboard," by Eric Leyland (Macdonald & Co., 8s. 6d.). Will provoke a greater response than a mere smile.

"Death Was Our Escort," by Lieut-Commander Ernest G. Vetter, U.S.N.R. (Skeffington, 16s.). One of the best narrations of the Far East campaign.

"A Wanderer In Khaki," By Major S. E. G. Ponder (Stanley Paul, 18s.). The author gives an honest account of his army life in peace-time. A vivid picture of what he calls "knocking up and down the world and having a first-class time."

END

London's Montparnasse (*Continued from page 20*)

leaseholders themselves. Some of these, of both sexes, are hot out of the Services. On Notting Hill they see a chance of a picturesque "village" life amid interesting people with a kick to them, and so they have sunk their gratuities and taken a very big chance. For not all of these little shops can endure. In one or two cases they all too obviously depend on *objets* and jewellery brought surreptitiously into this country, and that will end.

Then, if you study the small advertisements put up in the newsagents and tobacconists, you at once come up with the atmosphere of a "Quarter."

"Ex-prisoner of war with no food fads wishes to become paying guest. Willing to co-operate with the chores and make a bridge four."

"Elizabeth will do anything from taking the children or the dog out, to washing-up after parties and turning the box-room out. Elizabeth will do it."

The number of second-hand clothing shops where almost-the-latest models can be bought, is another characteristic of this district where the shopping is on one's doorstep in the true village sense. One doesn't have to go to the big stores elsewhere. More than usually, people know one another in the shops which cater for everything and everybody.

A "Quarter" should be cheap and the Hill may one day become so again, but it definitely is not at this juncture of its packed popularity. Rents have gone up and up. One of the stupidest things was to announce a Rents Tribunal a year before it was set functioning, for in the interim, foreseeing a limit put to their rapacity in the future, landlords asked what they liked.

Yes, lodgings where you are allowed to cook, are hard to come by—and no "Quarter" can thrive without the spirit of the *chambre meublée* where parties can be catered for, and thrown! In the absence of cafés, and on account of the dryness and early closing of pubs, the call for parties in "digs" and studios, is all the greater; but how they meet with resistance!

Other lodging dictators won't take Jews, foreigners, or people of colour—British only, on the assumption that we are cleaner, quieter, and better conducted than others. It so happens that Notting Hill has an outsize population of all three of the foregoing. The Hill also attracts of such Allies as remain: Poles, Dutch, French, Americans, Canadians. It all makes for the atmosphere of a "Quarter" by adding to the gay effects of apparel and to the variety of language and accent.

The gay note is carried forward by a liking for window-boxes which so suit many of these little houses with their Georgian suggestion—notably in the Ladbroke area—and by the brilliant painting of some of the little shops—green, blue, red, yellow. Priestley would approve. Even the queues are gay in Notting Hill—gay with those bandeaux and posteriors! And down the street you come upon that permanent note of gaiety in drab surroundings—Portobello Market which used to draw even some of the Kensington "quality." It may not touch the zest and wit of the Edgar Quinet on a Saturday morning, but Portobello is as much an attribute of this new "Quarter" as are its little theatres and its Kensington Gardens doing duty for the Luxembourg.

Round the ornamental garden by the Palace, of a quiet early morning, it is not so far a cry to the corner in the Luxembourg, near the rue d'Assas.

One of Notting Hill's little theatres has made as much history with *Pick-up Girl* as ever was made by the famous little house in the rue de la Gaieté. And the New Lindsey has not got it all its own way. The Mercury launched *This Way to the Tomb*—and, whether by accident or design, advertised it in huge letters which might equally apply to the church, bang next door. And a little farther off is the Twentieth Century which drew the critics from the West to its native dancing. This theatrical renascence, as if in defiance of the grasp of the few on London's West End houses, has done a good deal towards stamping Notting Hill with a post-war character.

After the first World War there was a record British rush to Montparnasse, not only to study and to paint, but to have riotous fun and games. The same thing would have happened over again this year, but for difficulties of getting out of the country and being allowed to have sufficient living expenses if one did get out. So young people, and older ones, who can't get to Montparnasse make do on Notting Hill.

END

Brian is *always* lively-

His energy and spirits are amazing. Simply bubbling over with life. Keeps you "on the go."

But you would rather have him that way than peevish, cross and poorly! Mother certainly knows best when she gives an ailing child 'California Syrup of Figs.' When bilious, sick or constipated, this natural laxative quickly corrects upsets of the system, and the little one is soon "as right as ninepence."

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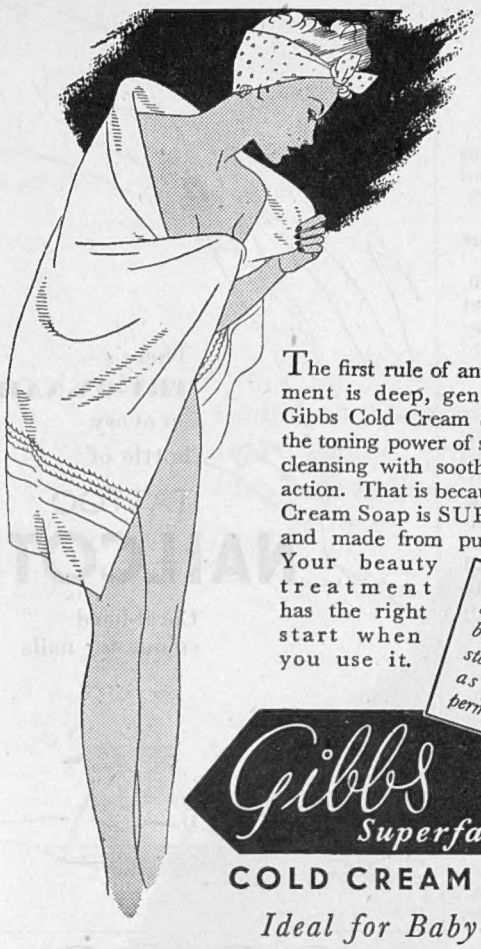

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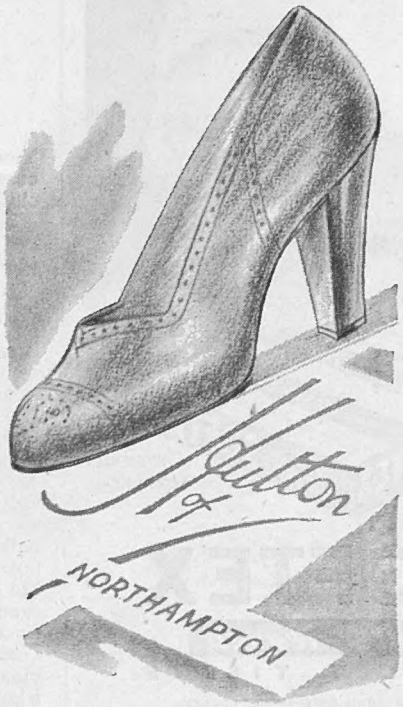

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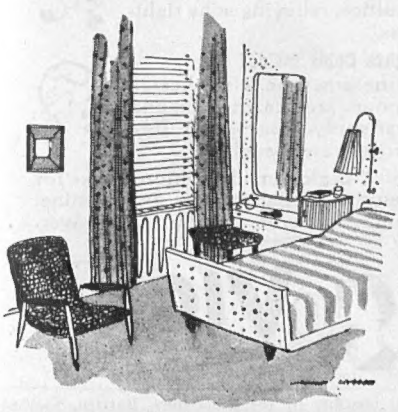

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Shakespeare And The Topers

(*Continued from page 25*)

Worcester. Disguised as a servant, he was cursed by the cook for his ignorant and clumsy prowess with the roasting jack. (King Alfred and the cakes all over again!)

The next little place is Pebworth, not more than a mile farther on, once called "Piping," a title earned by the excellence of the villagers on the pipe and tabor. Its main street is known, not as "High Street" but Friday Street. This was the day the poet chose to come to Pebworth, and where the inn was situated.

Now a turn northwards towards the river and three miles brings us to the last mentioned village of the rhyme: Bidford-on-Avon. The epithet "Drunken" was probably deserved 350 years ago, this being the scene of the drinking matches between inhabitants and visitors. However, we must not judge too harshly; quite different ways of life obtained in those days, and whilst folk drank well, their liquors were less potent than since Scotland has exerted its influence. Coming from this direction the tourist sees the village from a much better angle than those who pass through on the main Evesham-Stratford road to the north. The church tower rises from trees above the river, and a narrow bridge 500 years old spans the Avon by eight strong arches; a peaceful scene. At the end of one street will be found the Elizabethan Falcon Inn, where the Bidford Topers are reputed to have met the Stratford Guzzlers. But it is no longer a hostelry—after a varied use, it is now dwelling houses, built of Cotswold stone with mullioned windows and brick chimneys.

Leaving by the Alcester road it is but a mile to "Beggarly Broom," an adjective originally referring to the tumbledown nature of its houses. Not so to-day, however, as the picturesque inn shows; here you meet the River Arrow, a tributary of the Avon, and we follow it to Wixford, once "Papist." This village was owned by a Catholic family in Shakespeare's time, hence the choice of epithet.

Turning now back to our starting-point, we reach, by keeping left, "Dodging Exhall." Be careful, however, it does not dodge you still; the adjective shows it is not easy to find. Although but four or five miles from Stratford, it is in a very out-of-the-way position. Its ancient church has been spoilt by Victorian "restoration," but again the cottages are typical of Warwickshire villages.

The country is dominated by the 300 feet hill from which the villagers of Temple Grafton enjoy a vista stretching south to Cheltenham and the Cotswolds. Shakespeare described the village as "Hungry," but was referring to the condition of the land, then poor in fertility. There are old houses and a church with half-timbered tower, but this is comparatively modern. Thought to be the scene of the poet's marriage, this event cannot be placed here for certain. Two other villages claim the honour: Luddington and Billesley, though there is an entry in the Grafton parish register, recording the marriage of Anne Whateley (Hathaway) to Willielmum Shaxpere (one of the many alternatives of spelling), on 28th November, 1582.

We complete our circular tour by a straight turn south, across the main road, and by a cul-de-sac to the banks of the Avon again. Here is "Haunted Hillsborough," now but a hamlet with a good manor farmhouse: built of stone and half timbering, one catches sight of a dovecot. In the bard's day there was a fair-sized village here, but this is believed to be the haunted house, at any rate. Why? No one knows.

END

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